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IRELAND AND THE CENTENNIAL.

HAS Ireland any just claims to grateful recognition at the Centennial of American independence? Have her services to the United States been so important and eminent as to entitle her to a distinct place among the nations which will be represented at the Philadelphia Exhibition? I am inclined to believe that educated and unprejudiced men, without distinction of nationality or creed, must answer these questions in the affirmative. Ireland is yet a nation, not a province; the vice-royalty is a reality, not a mockery. Otherwise, the well-known official phrase—"Queen of Great Britain and Ireland"—would not be the usual signature of Queen Victoria.

This distinction, however, is always ignored when the interests of Great Britain are to be advanced and promoted at the cost of Ireland. England has graciously condescended to allow Canada, Australia, and India to have separate places on the Centennial grounds; but Ireland is refused this privilege, because it might give her a dangerous importance at the Centennial exhibition. British gold, however, and British intrigue, can never prevent the great American people from according to Ireland the honor to which she is entitled, and the generous sympathy which she well deserves. Among the victims of English prejudice and English influence must be numbered many persons born in the States, but these admirers of England and opponents of Ireland are not Americans of the legitimate stamp. It may safely be affirmed that Ireland deserves well of this mighty republic. She has played a great and conspicuous part in founding it, and nobly and generously assisted its statesmen and patriots in developing its resources, extending its boundaries, maintaining its independence, defending its honor, and upholding its dignity. Within its boundaries there is no field of exertion, physical, moral, or intellectual, on which Irishmen have not set their mark. This is an historical fact which it would be vain to doubt and foolish to deny. It is no violation of truth to assert that at the period of

the Revolution Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen were numerous enough to leave their mark on the battle-field of freedom and on the Declaration of Independence. Nine of the fifty-six heroic men by whom this immortal Declaration of human rights—this new charter of human freedom was signed, and six of the thirty-six delegates by whom the Constitution of the United States was promulgated in 1787, were Irish by birth or descent. Charles Thomson, who was appointed secretary to the first Congress in 1774, and Colonel John Nixon, who first read the Declaration of Independence for the people from the central window of the hall in which Congress met, were both Irishmen. Charles Carroll of Carrollton—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—the wealthiest of the signers, was the grandson of Irish parents, and to the close of his patriotic and eventful career was always proud of his Irish blood and Irish lineage. Though his private fortune exceeded that of all the other signers collectively, and though the emissaries of England used every effort to tempt him from the path of patriotism, he preferred the freedom of his country to gold, and the happiness of his countrymen to the highest honor which the British government could confer upon him. When the courage of even brave men wavered, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, by voice and pen, boldly and fearlessly advocated the independence of the Colonies. He foresaw, from the commencement of the quarrel between England and America, that the final issue of the struggle would be decided by the sword. In the great work of preparing the minds of the people for the victories which they won on many a well-fought field, he used the pen with a power and an eloquence which Jefferson alone could rival.

His prudence, wisdom, integrity, decision of character, pure patriotism, administrative abilities, and extensive learning made him the idol of his native State and the admiration of all the great men of the Revolution. The last survivor of the illustrious men who signed the Declaration of Independence, and enjoying every blessing that could accompany old age, "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," he died—as he had lived—a true, conscientious, and practical Catholic, leaving behind him a name the most honored and cherished in the history of Catholic statesmen and patriots in the United States. How blest is the lot of the true patriot! The eternal gratitude of his countrymen hallows his name, the admiration of each succeeding age consecrates his memory, time, which destroys so many other things, only increases his fame, and the genius of freedom sentinels his tomb, and guards his grave as a sacred spot—as a perpetual object of interest, of love, and inspiration for unborn generations. And such was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, for the gold of the British empire could not purchase him in times that tried men's souls, or induce him to abandon for a moment the cause which he pleaded with such signal success—the cause of his country—the cause of freedom. The bigots and fanatics who sneer at Catholics as strangers in this country, and denounce them as enemies of republican liberty, might read with profit the noble record of the Carroll family—the glory of Maryland. Daniel Carroll, who was one of the delegates by whom the Constitution of the United States was definitely fixed and adopted, and who gave Washington the farm on which the Federal capital is built, was the son of Daniel Carroll, an Irish Catholic, and a brother of Archbishop Carroll. How few of our boasted orators who denounce Rome and papal aggression (!) know that the site of the city of Washington was the gift of the worthy son of an Irish Catholic emigrant! Thomas Fitzsimmons, who

signed the Federal Constitution, and who was long the pride of the Catholic community of Philadelphia, was born in Ireland; and Aedanus Burke, who served as a volunteer in the patriot army, and became successively judge of the Supreme Court of South Carolina and senator of the United States, was a native of Galway, the birthplace of many eminent Irishmen. Judge Burke, who was educated for the priesthood at St. Omer's, was a vigorous political writer, a brilliant wit, and an uncompromising advocate of republican liberty.

The first judge of probate after the Revolution in New Hampshire, was Matthew Patten, an Irishman; and George Bryan, the first governor of Pennsylvania after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, was a native of Dublin. General John Sullivan, who won the praise of the most skilful American commanders in the struggle for independence, and who after the war was appointed judge of the Federal Court, and James Sullivan, his brother, who was elected governor of Massachusetts in 1807, were the sons of humble but honest Irish parents. One of the most honored names in the history of the State of New York is the venerated name of Clinton, and Ireland can justly claim the glory of giving to America the illustrious family of the Clintons. General George Clinton, who was as skilled in civil as in military affairs, who was governor of the State of New York for eighteen years, and who was Vice-president of the United States when his death brought sorrow to every home in the land, and his brother, General James Clinton, who rendered great services to his country on the battlefield, and who, after the evacuation of New York by the British, was appointed delegate to the convention for adopting the Federal Constitution, were the sons of Charles Clinton, who emigrated from Ireland to this country in 1729. General James Clinton was the father of De Witt Clinton, who, after having enjoyed the highest honors which the State of New York could confer upon him, and after having patronized and encouraged every movement, charitable, educational, commercial, that was calculated to increase the prosperity of his country and promote the happiness of his countrymen, died in 1828, universally mourned as one of the greatest benefactors of the republic. Richard Montgomery, who was one of the first martyrs of American liberty, and whose name will live forever in the annals of his adopted country, was as brave an Irishman as ever fought for freedom. General Stephen Maylan, a true Christian knight, a soldier without fear and without reproach, whose famous dragoons were the terror of the British army, was the brother of Dr. Maylin, the Catholic bishop of Cork, who raised the great Bishop England to the dignity of the priesthood. Commodore John Barry, whose naval exploits won for him the public thanks of Washington, and who was the first upon whom the title by which he is popularly known was conferred by the American government, was a true Catholic son of gallant Wexford. The organization of the infant navy of the United States was chiefly his work.

Such was his fidelity to the nation for whose freedom he fought with the generous enthusiasm characteristic of his race, that when Lord Howe tempted him with the offer of a high command in the British navy, he promptly replied in these bold words, "I have devoted myself to the cause of my country, and not the value or command of the whole British fleet can seduce me from it." Commodore Barry has been justly called the father of the American navy. The heroic exploits of the brave Irishmen who fought for American independence would supply materials for a most interesting book. Of those immortal soldiers of freedom it may be truly said that "the remembrance of

their virtues will be cherished while liberty is dear to the American heart." Though space limits me to a few great names, there are many others equally entitled to all the praise which an Irishman can bestow upon them. If Irishmen fought for American liberty, they also spoke and wrote for it. In the British Parliament the great Edmund Burke and Richard Brinsley Sheridan hurled the thunders of their eloquence against the despotic ministers who employed brute force to enslave the champions of freedom. In Ireland, the illustrious Henry Grattan advocated the cause of the Colonies, with that wonderful eloquence which inspired the proud spirit that marshalled the glorious army of the volunteers, and won for a brief period the legislative independence of his country. In truth, Ireland sympathized profoundly with the colonists in their heroic efforts to shake off the yoke of England. The Catholics of Ireland were heart and soul with the Americans. Their sympathy did not exhaust itself in fearless professions of friendship and goodwill; their timely and important assistance in the hour of danger has been acknowledged by men whose impartiality cannot be questioned, whose judgment was not biassed by national or religious prejudice. Those who, from prejudice or ignorance, deny that Ireland played a conspicuous part in the accomplishment of the American Revolution, or that she manifested deep sympathy for the American patriots in their heroic struggle for the freedom of their country, will scarcely have the courage to question the authenticity, or underrate the importance of the following testimony, which I consider too valuable and precious to be omitted. When General Washington was raised to the presidency, he received an address of congratulation from the Catholics of the United States. The address was signed by Archbishop Carroll in behalf of the clergy, and by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Daniel Carroll, Thomas Fitzsimmons and Dominick Lynch in behalf of the Catholic laity. It is a remarkable fact that these five names are all Irish, and that Ireland is the only European nation represented in the address. It would seem that even then more than three-fourths of the Catholics of the United States were Irish by birth or descent. Let not Irishmen forget that Charles Carroll of Carrollton—as I have already stated—was the grandson of Irish parents, that the father of Archbishop Carroll and Daniel Carroll was an Irishman, and that Thomas Fitzsimmons and Dominick Lynch were born and educated in Ireland. In his reply to the address presented by those five representatives of the Catholic population of the young Republic, Washington used the memorable words: "I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution, and the establishment of their government; or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."

Of the ninety-three Philadelphia merchants who in 1780 established a bank to furnish the American army with an adequate supply of provisions, twenty of Irish origin subscribed nearly half a million of dollars. These twenty self-sacrificing men were members of the patriotic society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, whose devotion to the cause of American independence was gratefully acknowledged by the mighty leader whom countless generations will revere as the Father of his country. In 1781 Washington was elected a member of this society, and gave expression to his gratitude for the honor conferred upon him in these words: "I accept with singular

pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick, in this city (Philadelphia), a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked."

The ranks of the famous Pennsylvania Line were chiefly filled with Irishmen, and the regiments composing this division of the army were on several trying occasions the chosen troops of Washington. The loyalty of these brave soldiers was tried by every test; by the terrors of the battlefield, by hunger, by the cold neglect of those whose cause they had espoused, by the tempting offers of the English General, Lord Howe; but it was proof against everything that was calculated to shake constancy and weaken fidelity to a noble cause. Matthew Carey, whose name is inseparably associated with the history of Philadelphia, thus speaks of the Irish heroes who formed the majority of the Pennsylvania Line: "During the American Revolution a band of Irishmen were embodied in the defence of the country of their adoption against the country of their birth; they formed the major part of the celebrated Pennsylvania Line; they bravely fought and bled for the United States; many of these sealed their attachment with their lives; their adopted country neglected them somewhat, the wealthy, luxurious, and the independent, for whom they fought, were now rioting in the superfluities of life, while the defenders were literally half-starved, half-naked; their shoeless feet marked with blood their tracks upon the highways. They long bore their grievances patiently; they had long murmured; they remonstrated, imploring the necessaries of life, but in vain; a deaf ear was turned to their complaints; they felt indignant at the cold neglect and ingratitude of the country for which thousands of their companions in arms had expired on the crimson field of battle; they held arms in their hands, and they mutinied." But, though they mutinied, though the English General, Lord Howe, exerted every nerve to seduce them from the cause of the country of their adoption, and though gold was held out to them as a reward for returning to British allegiance, still they remained faithful to the American flag, still they scorned the gifts of the tools of despotism, and punished the miserable wretches who had endeavored to encourage treason among them. "We prate," says Mr. Carey, "about old Roman and Grecian patriotism. One-half of it is false, and in the other half there is nothing that excels these noble traits in our army, which are worthy of the pencil of a West or a Trumbull." One of the most eminent American statesmen America has ever seen was the late William H. Seward, the friend and admirer of the great Archbishop Hughes. The services which Mr. Seward, as Secretary of State, rendered to the Union will not be soon forgotten, and his testimony in favor of Ireland will be always read with pride by the descendants of those Irishmen who fought for American freedom.

"Ireland," says Mr. Seward, "not only sympathized profoundly with the transatlantic colonists in their complaint of usurpation, under which she suffered more sorely than they; but, with inherent benevolence and ardor, she yielded at once to the sway of the great American idea of universal emancipation. The bitter memory of a stream of ages lifted up her thoughts, and she was ready to follow to the war for the rights of human nature the propitious God who seemed to lead the way."

George Washington Parke Custis, who was the adopted son of the great George Washington, and who braved the terrors of death in defence of his country's rights, more than once bore generous testimony to the services which Ireland rendered to America. During their

struggle for Catholic emancipation, Irish Catholics appealed for sympathy to America, and one of the true and patriotic Americans who promptly, and with enthusiasm, responded to their appeal, was the adopted son of Washington. His words are worthy of being written in golden letters. "And why," said Mr. Custis, "this imposing appeal made to our sympathies? It is an appeal from that very Ireland whose generous sons alike in the days of our gloom and of our glory shared in our misfortunes and joined in our success; who, with undaunted courage, breasted the storm which once, threatening to overwhelm us, howled with fearful and desolating fury through this now happy land; who, with aspirations deep and fervent for our cause, whether under the walls of the castle of Dublin, in the shock of our liberty's battles, or in the feeble and expiring accents of famine and misery, amidst the horrors of the prison-ship, cried from their hearts: God save America! Tell me not of the aid which we received from another European nation in the struggle for independence; that aid was most, nay, all-essential to our ultimate success; but, remember, years of the conflict had rolled away. Of the operatives in war—I mean the soldiers—up to the coming of the French, Ireland had furnished in the ratio of one hundred for one of any foreign nation whatever.

"Then honored be the old good service of the sons of Erin in the War of Independence. Let the shamrock be entwined with the laurels of the Revolution; and truth and justice, guiding the pen of history, inscribe on the tablets of America's remembrance eternal gratitude to Irishmen! Americans, recall to your minds the recollections of the heroic time when Irishmen were our friends, and when in the whole world we had not a friend besides. Look to the period that tried men's souls, and you will find that the sons of Erin rushed to our ranks, and, amid the clash of steel, on many a memorable day, many a John Byrne was not idle."

The story of John Byrne may be told again. Though brief, it will be always read with fresh delight by the soldiers of American liberty. John Byrne was an Irishman who fought in the ranks of the American army, and who, when taken prisoner by the English, was placed on board a prison-ship, and subjected to all the brutal treatment which the wicked ingenuity of his cruel captors could devise. The calm courage with which he bore his sufferings astonished the English commander, who offered him life, liberty, and money, if he would only consent to fight under the British flag. The humble but heroic Irish soldier was not to be seduced from the cause of liberty by bribes, threats, or promises; he raised his hands, and cried out: "Hurrah for America!"

Such heroism is worthy of a Regulus. Arthur Lee, who was an eloquent advocate of the cause of the American people, and who, in conjunction with Franklin and Deane, negotiated a treaty with the French in 1777, uses, in a letter to Washington, the following words: "The resources of our enemy, that is to say, England, are almost annihilated in Germany, and their last resort is to the Roman Catholics of Ireland; and they have already experienced their unwillingness to go, every man of a regiment raised there last year having obliged them to ship him off tied and bound. And most certainly the Irish Catholics will desert more than any other troops whatsoever." These words of the American patriot are confirmed by those of two eminent Englishmen. "Attempts have been made," said the Duke of Richmond, "in the House of Lords, in 1775, to enlist the Irish Roman Catholics, but the minister knows well that these attempts have been proved unsuccessful." When the

war had commenced, Lord Howe, the English commander, in a letter to the British ministry, made use of these remarkable and significant words: "Send me out German troops; I dislike and cannot depend upon Irish Catholic soldiers."

What more convincing proof of Ireland's sympathy for America in her gallant resistance to tyranny can be supplied than those memorable words of the English general? "One of the offences charged upon the Irish," said Dr. MacNevin, "in 1809, and amongst the many pretexts for refusing redress to the Catholics of Ireland, was that sixteen thousand of them fought on the side of America. But many more thousands are ready to maintain the Declaration of Independence, and that will be their second offence." It is scarcely necessary to remind the Irish reader that Dr. MacNevin was one of the most distinguished of the brave men who endeavored to free their country from misgovernment in 1798, that for nearly half a century he was numbered among the most enlightened and honored citizens of New York, and that he sleeps his last sleep with his countryman and gifted friend, William Sampson, a few miles distant from the empire City, in a small graveyard, overlooking the waters of the Sound.

Though the testimony already adduced in proof of Ireland's services to America during the Revolutionary War is sufficiently conclusive, a brief extract from a speech delivered by the eminent American scholar and author, Gulian C. Verplanck, in 1829, may be read with interest in Ireland and the United States. When the joyous tidings first reached America that the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed in the British Parliament, the event was celebrated in New York by a banquet, at which Mr. Verplanck proposed the following toast: "The Penal Laws—requiescat in pace—may they rest in peace." "And yet," said the distinguished speaker, "I have a good word to say for them. In the glorious struggle for our independence, and in our more recent contest for national rights, those laws gave the American flag the support of hundreds and thousands of brave hearts and strong arms, at the same time contributing an equal portion of *intellectual* and *moral powers*." This is certainly a noble tribute to Catholic Ireland.

The imperial testimony of the Marquis de Chastellux is equally worthy of lasting record. The Marquis de Chastellux was a brave soldier, an accomplished scholar, and an enthusiastic lover of freedom. His services in the Revolutionary War won for him the friendship of Washington, and his interesting work, *Voyages dans l'Amérique Septentrionale*, published in 1786, made him very popular among American readers. These are his words: "An Irishman, the instant he sets his foot on American soil, becomes *ipso facto* an American. While Englishmen and Scotchmen were treated with jealousy and distrust, even with the best recommendations of zeal and attachment to the cause, *the native of Ireland stood in need of no other certificate than his dialect.*

"Indeed," says the French author and general, "the conduct of the Irish in the late war amply justified the favorable opinion entertained of them; for, while the Irish emigrant was fighting the battles of America, by sea and land, the Irish merchants, principally of Charleston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, labored with indefatigable zeal at all hazards to promote the spirit of enterprise, and increase the wealth and maintain the credit of the country. Their purses were always opened, and their persons devoted to the country's cause, and on more than one imminent occasion Congress itself, and the very existence of America, probably, owed its preservation to the fidelity and firmness of the Irish."

The authorities quoted—unless I greatly deceive myself—are numerous, high, and respectable enough to silence the London scribes, who are perpetually underrating the services of Ireland to America, and calumniating Irish emigrants, for the wicked purpose of lowering them in the estimation of honest and genuine Americans.

Irish services, however, during the Revolutionary War, are not Ireland's sole claim to American gratitude and sympathy. If Irishmen fought bravely for national independence, they also fought with the enthusiasm of crusaders for the preservation of the Union. In the war of 1812 they nobly proved on land and sea their loyalty to the American flag. Though a proclamation signed by the Prince Regent (George IV) announced to the world, on the 26th of October, 1812, that all Irishmen in the United States, who might have the courage to humble the pride of England, would be treated as rebels, still the unconquerable exiles, scorning the threats and cruelty of a despotic government, fought like heroes for the flag that protected, and the Constitution that shielded them from oppression and persecution. The war was carried on by land and sea, and both in the navy and the army Ireland was well represented.

Andrew Jackson, the victor of New Orleans, the decisive battle of the war, was the son of poor Irish parents; and among the gallant seamen of Irish birth and parentage, whose heroic deeds shed undying lustre upon the American navy, Captain Boyle, Captain Blakely, and Commodores Shaw, McDonough, and Stewart, are entitled to the grateful recollection of the American people.

In the Mexican war Irishmen were equally true to the Union. The fact that they fought against Catholics did not weaken their loyalty to the flag of the Republic. The intolerance of General Taylor, who, on his march to the Mexican frontier, endeavored to compel a few Irish regiments to attend Protestant worship, could not cool their enthusiasm. The insulted Catholic soldiers demanded redress from the American government, and President Polk—let his memory be honored—acceded to their wishes by appointing two Catholic chaplains to minister to their religious wants amid the perils of war. Among the Catholic Irishmen in command in this third great war of the Union, the most distinguished were Major O'Brien, Major McReynolds, and General James Shields. At the battle of Buena Vista Major O'Brien extorted, by his bravery, the admiration and applause of the leading American officers. His treatise on military jurisprudence, which has been adopted by the American government for the use of courts-martial, gained for him honors as enduring as those which he won by the sword. The most brilliant deed of heroism achieved on the field of Churubusco was the daring charge of Major McReynolds's dragoons, whose fearless courage struck terror into the hearts of the bravest warriors in the Mexican army. General Shields, who was as distinguished for personal courage as for eminent dexterity in strategy, was breveted major-general for his gallant conduct at the battle of Cerro Gordo. It was the opinion of military men that he was a greater tactician than Taylor or Scott, and that, had he been appointed commander-in-chief of the American troops when hostilities commenced, the flag of the Union would have been seen much sooner waving in triumph over the capital of Mexico. In the late civil war, he was the only Union general who defeated Stonewall Jackson. The battle of Winchester alone would be sufficient to make the name of Shields immortal. And who, during the terrible conflict that deluged the Republic with

blood, were more devoted to the cause of the Union than the faithful and chivalrous sons of Erin? Who, either in command or in the ranks, fought more bravely for the integrity of the Republic? Was not Meagher, whose personal courage hostile factions never questioned, and whose electric eloquence kindled that fire of patriotism which sent armed legions to the battlefield to defend and uphold the honor and independence of a great nation, an Irishman? Was not General Corcoran, the bravest of the brave, the intrepid hero who always wished to be foremost in the charge, born in Connaught, the most Celtic province of Ireland? Is not the gallant General Sheridan the son of Irish parents? The number of the brave Irish soldiers who suffered and died for the Union in the late war can never be known till the last trumpet sounds.

Irishmen shared the dangers of the conflict, but others carried off the rich prizes. Selfish knaves often appropriate the rewards of the brave. Base ingratitude is frequently the only recompense of Irish valor. But, despite selfishness, despite ingratitude, despite cold neglect and frequent persecution, the Irishman is always faithful to the cause of truth and justice; always true, as the needle to the pole, to the cause of freedom.

If Irish valor has done much to found and preserve the Union, Irish labor has done more to increase its wealth and extend its commerce. America wanted labor, and Ireland supplied it.

Cultivation is necessary to make land productive. The Indians once possessed the entire continent, but it afforded them only a precarious and miserable existence. Its wealth was hidden in the bowels of the earth, and its teeming harvests were reserved for the brave emigrants, who, armed with the implements of labor, made the wilderness blossom as the rose. America required men with stalwart arms to dig her canals, construct her railroads, build her cities, clear her marshes, reclaim her neglected fields from barrenness, work her mines, and increase the fertility and varied produce of her soil. Ireland supplied this want by sending annually to the United States armies of laborers, more numerous than the hosts of mailed warriors sent by Europe to the crusades. Let not ignorance, then, or ingratitude, sneer at the humble Irish laborer. He was as necessary to the wealth and prosperity of the Union as the soldiers who fought under Washington, Jackson, and Grant, were to its existence and preservation.

Irish emigration, however, did not entirely consist of the hardy sons of toil. The thousands of humble emigrants were sometimes accompanied by scholars, orators, poets, statesmen, lawyers, physicians, engineers, architects, and glorious missionaries, whose miracles of zeal, self-denial, and labor renewed the days of the apostles. It may be safely affirmed that there are few colleges or universities in the United States in which some of the principal chairs are not filled by Irishmen. From the very foundation of the Republic down to the present time, Ireland has been well represented in the highest seats of learning in several States. One of the first offsprings of American Independence was Pennsylvania College, and its first president was an Irishman, the celebrated Dr. Allison, the great master of many of the heroes of the Revolution. His pupil and countryman, Charles Thomson, won celebrity by his version of the Septuagint, and his generous patronage of learning and learned men. The trade and commerce of the nation have been wonderfully increased and promoted by her canals and steamboats. Those who acknowledge how much these agencies of national wealth have contributed to the greatness and prosperity of the Republic, ought to gratefully remember that an Irish-

man, Christopher Colles, was the principal projector of the canals, and that the son of poor Irish parents, Robert Fulton, launched the first boat ever propelled by steam-power.

Irish services to education, to letters and science in the United States would be a theme worthy of the graphic pen of a Chateaubriand or a Montalembert. I can only mention the subject in this article with the hope of devoting more time to it on some future occasion.

The greatest service, however, which Ireland has rendered to the Union, is the propagation of the Catholic faith—the firm establishment of the Catholic Church within its boundaries. Bigots and fanatics may grow pale when the name of Pio Nono, or of St. Patrick, is mentioned in their presence; but no matter what pharisaical divines or political knaves may say to the contrary, truth is the most durable foundation of freedom, and the Catholic Church is the pillar and the ground of truth. Labor is profitable, valor is powerful, genius is glorious, education is one of the mightiest influences that affect or control the destinies of mankind, but truth is greater than any of these characteristics of a free and flourishing nation. Religion ennobles labor, consecrates valor, gives its noblest inspirations to genius, and hallows and purifies education. Such is the miraculous power of the Catholic religion, and this religion is Ireland's greatest gift to the United States. True, the Catholic Church in the republic is not the work of the Irish alone, but I am bold to say that the faithful sons of St. Patrick have done more in making that Church what it is than all other nations collectively. The majestic temples of worship which they have erected, the magnificent charitable asylums which they have founded, the convents, colleges, and schools which they have built to foster piety and diffuse the blessings of education, are the wonder and admiration of the American people. Such are the miracles of Celtic piety and self-sacrifice, that Protestants use the words Irish and Catholic as synonymous terms. Catholics of Irish birth and descent, in the United States, ought to number over seven millions. Ireland has the glory of giving America her first Cardinal, for Cardinal McCloskey is the son of Irish parents who cherished the faith of their forefathers.

The first priest raised to the Episcopal dignity in the United States, was, as I have already stated, the son of a true Catholic Celt. Archbishop Carroll will be ever honored as the founder of the American hierarchy. The primatial See of the Republic is called after the small but historic town of Baltimore in South Munster —that Baltimore which the stirring muse of Davis has made as immortal as the shamrock on the green hills of Ireland. In the bright catalogue of illustrious Irish prelates who have ruled the Church in the United States, there are three names stamped with imperishable renown: Bishop England, Archbishop Hughes, and the late Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore. Who among our American missionaries rivalled Bishop England in eloquence, Archbishop Kenrick in learning, and Archbishop Hughes in courage? Future generations will honor these great prelates as the fathers and legislators of the infant Church of the Republic.

The Irish heroes and heroines who in the different religious orders consecrate their lives to the noble work of charity and education, are the glory of the nation. One of the most popular religious orders in the United States is the renowned Order of the Christian Brothers. Of the seven hundred Brothers in the Union, five hundred are Irish by birth or parentage. The presidents of their seven leading colleges are Irishmen. Brother Paulian, the Provincial of New York, and Brother Justin, the Provincial of San Francisco, are both

true sons of Ireland. Brother Patrick, the Superior of the Order in America, is an Irishman whose name as an educator will be as eminently historical as that of Archbishop Hughes or Archbishop Kenrick. The services which the Christian Brothers have rendered to the United States would be sufficient to entitle Ireland to the gratitude of the American people. In truth, no nation upon the face of the globe has such strong claims to grateful recognition at the Centennial as Ireland. England has been always the enemy, and Ireland always the friend of America; yet Ireland will not be numbered among the nations at the Philadelphia Exhibition. Her claims, however, to justice cannot be always ignored. Her cause commands the sympathy of Christendom. She is still the victim of British intolerance, but the number of her friends is constantly increasing. England may triumph for the present, but it is not necessary to be a prophet, or the son of a prophet, to predict that Ireland will be duly honored at the next Centennial Celebration of American Independence.

MORENO, THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR.

"Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend:
Ennobled by himself, by *God* approved,
Praised, wept, and honored, by the *land* he loved."
POPE (*altered*).

GABRIEL GARCIA MORENO, the late martyred President of the Republic of Eucador, was indeed a statesman "ennobled by himself and approved by God." He was, without exaggeration, the model ruler of the nineteenth century. Unlike the so-called rulers of his day, he recognized the fact that no man can be truly great without being truly good; that there is a Power before which the king and the subject are equal, and to which both owe the same obedience; that God is the great Ruler of the universe, and that he who would rule wisely must rule according to His laws. Thus did it come to pass that Garcia Moreno, in the brief space of six years, succeeded in lifting his country out of the darkness of semi-barbarism into the full light of Christian civilization—in giving it a new being, and in establishing among its mountain ranges a peaceful retreat for those two daughters of heaven, Religion and Virtue. He succeeded in proving to the infidel world that a truly Catholic country can be prosperous, happy, and progressive. Moreover, that this prosperity, happiness, and progress can only be found under those governments which are religious in fact, and not in name, and which are devotedly attached to the Catholic Church and to her visible Head. The modern skeptic will scoff at the idea, but scoffs are not arguments, and we are prepared to prove our assertions with facts.

Don Gabriel Garcia Moreno, a native of Guayaquil, was descended from no line of kings; the only royalty he possessed was from God. His father, Don Gabriel Garcia, was a native of Spain, and his mother, Donna Rosario Moreno, was an aunt of His Eminence Cardinal Moreno (born at Guatemala, Central America, 1817). His early education was obtained at the College of Quito, where he so distinguished himself in his studies that he soon attracted the admiration of his professors and companions. They already saw the fu-

ture father of his country in the young Garcia. In after-life, when he emerged from the retirement he loved so well, and in answer to the call of his country, appeared in the national councils, his honest aims and honest actions commanded the admiration of the people. That love of lucre which is the bane of the public man of to-day, found no place in the heart of Garcia Moreno; God and his country were its only occupants. He could not be called a fanatic, as his enemies regarded him, because his temperament was devoid of that impulse and impetuosity which grow out of an unevenly balanced mind. Indeed, were it not for his progressiveness, which manifests itself throughout the length and breadth of Ecuador, he was more like a patriarch of old than like a ruler in this so-called glorious nineteenth century. He was a man who reflected honor on manhood. He did in a circumscribed sphere all that Plutarch claims for his greatest heroes, but, unlike them, he did it for the honor and glory of God. He possessed a true conception of greatness, and in the pursuit of his grand and sacred duty, raising himself continually, he dared attempt what in our infidel age seems impossible, and as we have already stated, *he succeeded.* In a wider field he would have been looked upon as a St. Louis or a Charlemagne. He neglected no means which could promote the rapid progress of civilization among his people. In the eyes of his enemies, even, he had but one fault—he was *too Catholic;* and infidelity, trembling for its own future, *murdered him.*

It can hardly be believed that the little Republic of Ecuador, hidden away among the mountains of South America, brought forth this prodigy, a man bold enough, and intelligent enough, to transform his people, who were like their brethren in the neighboring republics when he assumed control of them, into true and faithful servants of God. It was under the rule of Garcia Moreno that Ecuador saw its golden age. Under his firm but beneficent rule it passed from darkness to light, from ignorance to learning, from religious indifference to practical Christianity. Its almost inaccessible mountain passes became not only safe from the attacks of robbers, but were transformed into excellent stage-roads, or resounded with the whistle of the locomotive. At his command an astronomical observatory revealed the mysteries of the heavenly bodies; hospitals sprang up everywhere, and Catholic charity opened her doors to the poor and afflicted. In every hamlet, from the banks of the Amazon's tributaries to the shores of the Pacific, primary schools for the *gratuitous* instruction of all classes have been established, and the poor Indian, oppressed for centuries, can now (or rather could under Garcia Moreno) enjoy the benefits of education and equal rights in common with his former conquerors. Moreno was a strong advocate of public schools, but he desired that in them little children be taught to reverence God and His laws, just as he desired that in the universities (founded by himself) God and His church should be treated with the profoundest respect.

Knowing the weakness of human nature, he erected, among other public buildings, a penitentiary for the detention of criminals, and it is to the honor of his country that out of a population of over a million of souls, the number incarcerated at the time of Moreno's death did not reach fifty. Let it be borne in mind, too, that crime was eagerly ferreted out and speedily punished, as we shall show hereafter.

To form a fair idea of what Garcia Moreno did during the six years of his administration, let us make a brief extract from his last annual message to the Constitutional Assembly of Ecuador, that masterly docu-

ment, which reads more like the pastoral of a patriarch than a message, and which was found upon his person after the cruel steel of the cowardly assassin had done its bloody work. We translate the following extract:

"To sum up, the Republic, at the end of these six years, has 300 kilometres of highways, with a large number of fine, solid, stone bridges; 44½ kilometres of railroad in running order, and 400 kilometres of good and new foot-roads. An imposing and spacious penitentiary; an astronomical observatory, which will be the greatest ornament to our capital; new colleges, schools, hospitals, new or improved barracks, orphanages, a foundling asylum and reformatory, and a conservatory of music and fine arts, have been built or acquired during the time. All this appears incredible to those who know the backwardness and poverty of the country, and who are ignorant of how much fecundity there is in confidence in God's goodness. If what has been accomplished appears great in comparison with other times, it is really very little if we take into consideration what the country still requires. But as we cannot expect to do all at once, I think we should confine ourselves for the next two years to the completion of unfinished roads, to the completion of buildings for schools in every parish, of colleges and hospitals in every province, of a normal school for teachers, and for the medical faculty in Quito; and to erecting, at the Santa Elena Salt Works, the wharf, railroad, and the depot, which are indispensable and of great advantage to the treasury, provided you deem these suggestions worthy of your approbation.

EDUCATION.

"But still more gratifying is the advancement made in public instruction in all its branches, which is religious and Catholic before everything else. In the primaries the number of schools has been increased by 93 new ones, during the last two years, and the number of pupils has gone up to 32,000, or 237 per cent. more than it was six years ago.

Number of pupils in	1867, . . .	13,495
" "	1871, . . .	14,731
" "	1873, . . .	22,458
" "	1875, . . .	32,000

"You will observe that the increase in four years was very small, but from the time that primary instruction *was removed from the negligent direction of municipalities and academic councils*, the advancement has been, and continues to be, satisfactory.

"But we must not be satisfied with this. . . . . Let us continue to redouble our efforts, fully convinced that without the *Christian education* of the rising generation society will perish by degenerating into barbarism.

"In secondary educational institutions the progress is not what it ought to be, chiefly because of the scarcity of competent professors to carry it into the principal centres of our population, as the Government would desire it. I think that in order to overcome this evil, and for other reasons of manifest propriety, you should establish *freedom of education*, admitting, *without distinction*, to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, all who, after a course in any college during the time specified by law, pay the costs of matriculation and of the examination they must undergo, and are then approved after the trial, according to the programme laid down by the General Council of Public Instruction.

"Higher education in facultied universities, and especially in the Polytechnic School, continues yearly to give satisfactory results. The faculty of medicine, which has notably improved, will be permanently organized in a few days, and if you order the erection of an adequate building, without which its thorough arrangement is impossible, it will reach that degree of perfection which is expected of it by the present advanced state of science."

In this memorable and model message, the Christian President does not forget the indebtedness of the country to the saving influence of the Church. He acknowledges the good results of the labors of those religious communities that have contributed so vastly to the education of youth. Among these may be mentioned the Christian Brothers. When the Commune of Paris, during the revolution which followed the Franco-Prussian war, were about to exile these devoted Brothers, Garcia Moreno fitted out a ship at *his own expense* and sent it to France with an entreaty to the Superior-General of the Congregation to send him *twelve hundred* Brothers. These he pledged himself to support and maintain. But the Commune which banished the Brothers was not France; she never forgets the services of her faithful children, and the devotion of the Christian Brothers upon the

field of battle, as well as their labors in the halls of education, were too gratefully remembered by France to permit them to quit her soil forever. Of the twelve hundred Brothers expected by Moreno, France could spare but twelve, and these were received with open arms. An industrial school was in time established by them, on the plan of that flourishing institution, the Catholic Protectory, at West Chester, U. S., and Brother Telio, the well-known Superior of the latter institution, visited Ecuador, to start the new enterprise. The Redemptorists, the Jesuits, and other orders found a most hearty welcome from Garcia Moreno, who gave them a broad field to work in.

The closing words of the message seem to indicate a presentiment of the sad end which awaited him. It sounds more like a farewell to the Assembly than like one of the annual addresses his official position demanded of him.

"Never forget, O legislators," said he, "that all our little advancements would have proved ephemeral and fruitless if we had not based the social order of our Republic upon that ever-attacked, but ever-victorious rock, the Catholic Church. Her divine teachings, which neither individuals nor nations can deny without destroying themselves, is the model of our institutions and the law of our laws. As obedient and faithful children of that venerable old man, the august and infallible Pontiff, who has been forsaken by those in power at the very moment that base and cowardly infidelity attacked him, we have continued monthly to send him the small pecuniary assistance which you voted him in 1873. And since our weakness compels us to be the passive witnesses of his slow martyrdom, let him, at least, behold in this humble offering a testimony of our tenderness and affection, and a token of our obedience and fidelity."

We have said that under Garcia Moreno crime was ferreted out and punished with unerring certainty and untiring persistency. But Garcia Moreno was no tyrant, nor did he delight in punishment. He has been known to warn malefactors against his own judgment. He was implacable against conspirators and bandits, and he strove to rid his country of their presence. His own life he held as nothing; he maintained that it belonged to his country, and not to him. He never shrank from the performance of a duty, no matter how trying, nor how full of danger. Alone and single-handed, he quelled the sedition fomented at Guayaquil, by Urbina. On another occasion, hearing that a certain chieftain had revolutionized a certain town, Garcia Moreno, without saying a word to any one, mounted his horse, and unattended, rode to the town, entered the house of the disconcerted traitor, and surprised him with the terrible words: "Here I am; be off to prison!" Having restored order among the astonished people, he remounted his horse and returned to his capital alone.

So valiant a servant of God could not be without enemies. The powers of darkness dreaded lest a new Paradise spring up among the mountains of Ecuador. They dreaded to see so strong an argument against their ideas of progress. Perhaps the world would open its eyes to the fact that rationalism and materialism were not necessary to its existence, and that a Christian government could be just as progressive as a liberal one, and more so, because it alone contains the elements of true progress.

They feared all this, and they plotted the destruction of this ruler who was an honor to manhood.

Garcia Moreno was not ignorant of all this, for many passages in his private letters bear evidence of it. The *Orient* had promulgated the decree of his death, and its execution was not to be delayed. When implored to take precautions against

his enemies he would reply: "How can a man defend himself against people who reproach him with being a Christian? If I were to satisfy them, I should deserve death. From the moment they cease to fear death, they become the masters of my life; as for me, I do not desire to be God's master, I will not shrink from the path he has marked out for me." His last letter to the Holy Father, too, was so beautiful, so touching, so thoroughly imbued with a spirit of Christian heroism, that we reproduce it here. He here foretold the fate that was so soon to befall him: "In these days," said he, "when the lodges of our neighboring countries, instigated by Germany, are belching forth all sorts of atrocities and horrible slanders against me, whilst they are secretly planning means for my assassination, I am more than ever in need of Divine protection, that I may be able to live and die in defence of our holy religion and of this beloved Republic, over which God has called me to preside. Is it not a great happiness for me, Most Holy Father, to be despised and calumniated for loving our Divine Redeemer? And what a great happiness it would be for me if your blessing would obtain for me from Heaven the grace of shedding my blood for Him, who, being God, was willing to shed His own blood for us upon the cross?"

These brave words, embodying as they do, Christian faith and submission to the Vicar of Christ, are enough to immortalize the name of Garcia Moreno. They point him out as one entitled to universal admiration, as an example for every Catholic, and as a reproach to those *Liberal* Catholics, who, in their eagerness for worldly respect, would, Judas-like, sell their religion for thirty pieces of silver.

Garcia Moreno fell a martyr to his faith and to his duty. His cowardly assassination is thus described by Louis Venillot, the valiant editor of that excellent and fearless Catholic daily, the Paris *Univers:*

"He kept on his straight but rugged path, which led to death in time, but to life in eternity; he repeated his favorite maxim: '*Dios no se muere.* God does not die.'

"The most honorable among his political enemies were converted to his system of government, to his person and to his God. He had performed before his country, and with his country, the most sublime and resplendent acts of faith. He was recently seen, as the President of the Republic, bearing a processional cross through the streets of Quito. He filled every position and gave every example that could be expected from the most ardent patriotism, from the most energetic soul, and from the most generous heart. He was Professor and Rector of the University; Dictator, Commander-in-chief, President. He was the first, and until now the only one, to unite the functions of President of the Republic with those of Director (not *honorary*, but active and *gratuitous*) of the Quito Hospital, remodelled and furnished *at his own expense.* He also added to his title of President of the Republic that of Member of the Congregation of the Poor, and he performed its duties. He everywhere showed himself strict on himself, sober, chaste, and did not *augment*, but *diminished*, his meagre personal resources. He was economical with the public money, lavish with its benefits, modest, great in everything that commands esteem, love, and general sympathy. He had just been unanimously elected for the third time, when the blade of the assassin laid him low. He had been stricken down by a worthless creature whom he had befriended and advanced, but whom he was afterwards obliged to dismiss for incompetency; just the man that the sectaries (Freemasons) often find for acts like these! This man struck him from behind with brutal ferocity, throwing himself like a madman, or like a wild beast, upon his noble victim, and then fled, but was crushed by the populace, and dragged to the public place of execution. He was from New Granada; on his person were found bills from the Bank of Peru, the hotbed of the Freemasons.

"It was on the 6th of August, the Feast of the Transfiguration of our Lord, that Garcia Moreno was coming out of a neighboring church, where he had gone to hear Mass, and was returning to his work in the Capitol. He was killed on the threshold, and carried back to the chapel of Nuestra Senora de los Siete Dolores, the object of his special devotion. He expired in a few moments. His last words were: '*Dios no se muere*, God does not die!'

"We venture to say that God owed him

this death. He was to be stricken down in his full strength, in his virtue, at his prayer at the feet of Our Lady of the Seven Dolores, a martyr to the people and to his faith, for which he had lived. Pius IX has publicly honored this son so worthy of himself. His people, plunged in the deepest mourning, weep for him as Israel of old wept over its heroes and its just men. Is there anything wanting to complete his glory? He gave the world a singular example during the age in which he lived. He was the honor of his country. His death is another service, and perhaps the greatest. He showed the whole human race the kind of rulers that God could give them, and into the hands of what miserable creatures it resigns itself by its folly."

THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

THIS is the Vision that I see arise
Like heaven unveiled to my adoring eyes—
The spotless Virgin, poised in air serene,
With rapturous gaze and beatific mien;
The Infant God, with his sublimest charms,
Throned in the clasp of her maternal arms,
Uplift my ravished senses to the skies,
And bear me to the gates of Paradise!

And as, when erst on Thabor's holy sward,
To right, to left of earth's Transfigured Lord,
Wrapt in the effulgence of that Form revered,
There Moses, there Elias reappeared;
So here, in ether, 'mid the clouds are seen,
The glowing heaven's disparted veil between,
In hoary age and blooming youth displayed,
The reverent Pontiff and the sinless Maid:
Sixtus discrowned, as though his hand had strown
Three crowns at once before the Great White Throne;
And Barbara, bending as the Virgin-Bride
Who waits the Bridegroom, with her lamp supplied.

Beneath, as though some casement in the sky
Were opened once for mortals ere they die,
Angelic types of those who do his will,
Lean forth entranced on the celestial sill.
Lost in the blaze that makes their splendors dim
Are cherub hosts and burning seraphim
In myriad myriads dwindling from the sight,
Drowned in the depths of the Primeval Light.

The matchless whole a revelation seems
Of art's divinest and serenest dreams.
The Godlike calm of that supernal brow,
The Babe's rayed curls th' Incarnate Word avow;
Gleams of the glory that the heavens declare
Stir in the radiant nimbus of his hair!

And she, the Maiden Mother, whose sweet face
Shines with the effluence of the Godhead's grace,
Who shall define the infinite beauty shown
In every line that marks her for his own?
Who shall describe the exquisite surprise,
Love, peace, and joy of her seraphic eyes?
The wondrous worlds of grief and rapture blent,
Consoled, assured in every lineament?
There, in the symbolled Eden of that glance,
In the rapt bliss of that one countenance,
The eye discerns, the elated heart can find
The loveliest, heavenliest attributes combined.
No term of praise adorns the Song of Songs
But to that rare angelic look belongs.
What phrase is in Loreto's Litany?
Look in that face—it claims the apostrophe!

"EVERY MEDAL HAS ITS REVERSE."

I.

It was after "Father Abraham" had called "three hundred thousand more," and Jeanie Martin sat industriously tearing bandages for the wounded, and soliloquizing after this fashion: "Now! surely Maurice Elbert will enlist! It is *so* strange—more than strange—he has kept back so long! Every one giving up home, employment, kindred, even—even"—her voice faltered just a thought, "even—love, for the grand cause! And he, whom I thought the embodiment of the noble, *he* lags at home! They say," here the bandages were dropped in a snowy heap on the floor at her feet, as with cheeks where glowed two lights in which the hearts of red roses were held panting, she stood up and clasped the hands, trembling too much now for work. "They say it is for *my* sake! A coward for *my* sake! An ingrate for *my* sake! If that be so, little he knows me. And yet—and yet—" the hands flew up to veil the panting hearts of those captive roses —"but for this—"

Here the soliloquy met an abrupt *finale* in the entrance of a white-haired gentleman, with bent form, that told a story of the burden of eighty years at least. Yet from out its frame of white hair and beard of reverend length smiled a face fresh as any little child's, lit by blue eyes, the clearness and beauty of which time had failed to touch. You have seen such eyes and such faces in that charming type of old age, produced by a past of truth and purity, where the waning life only breathes to show the beauty of the soul it holds a little longer here, and where, already, a glimpse of immortality seems reflected in its tranquil depths.

"Ah! little Jeanie! how tall you look, standing like a figure of Mercy in the midst of your merciful work! There, child," as she tenderly placed him in a chair, and took his cane, and put a cushion under his feet, "don't make me so unmitigatedly comfortable. I—I declare it seems a sin of selfishness and laziness of the highest order to take my ease in such a style, when so many of our brave fellows are suffering all kinds

of privations for the sake of their country! Well—well!" and he leaned back against the softly cushioned easy chair, making of his silver head a very pleasing picture against its royal purple, "that is only for the young men!" A sigh stole softly through the lips, that with this utterance gave up coveted action and proud ambition.

"I wish all of them thought so!" ejaculated Jeanie, gathering up her bandages, and proceeding to roll them over and over her nimble fingers with an impatient air.

"How now! little patriot? What's the matter? That hard ring in some one's silver voice betokens some disturbance grandfather ought to know. Out with it!" Jeanie tossed her head. Jeanie's head was the perfection of grace, appropriately clothed in ripples, often broadening into waves of the softest brown, the shade where you cannot help fancying golden light lies sleeping, ready to shine forth at the slightest call. When she tossed it, this light peeped out a moment, but retreated suddenly, as the head bent to its work. But all this time not a word from Jeanie!

"I think," pursued grandfather, all unconscious of the storm gathering, "that any young man who does not feel so, ought to be considered unworthy not only of the love, but even of the notice, of every true woman!"

"You do, grandfather? *So do I!*" And it seemed to him a row—two rows—of very white teeth were set at the words.

"A hundred years ago, my dear," went on the old man, "American girls helped to equip brothers, fathers, lovers for the fight, which was to result in liberty. Further, no girl whose love was worth the seeking could be won by the coward who would refuse to give his life-blood for the cause!"

"And I, for one"—the red hearts of the roses began to pant again in their prisons of light—"will not be won by such!" cried Jeanie, once more rising to her feet, and letting the roll so carefully made fall in a mass of white rings. "Could a man"—confronting her amazed listener, with aspect of a very Amazon—"could a man refuse to go now, and be anything but a coward? Would other noble qualities screen him from this charge? Am I to consider it love which keeps him beside me when he knows I am burning with patriotism, that every man I could influence I have induced to enlist, and that all my own spare time I spend in such work as this?"

"Softly, dearie," said the old man, gently, "come sit on this cushion at the feet where, motherless, you learned your first prayer, and tell me the whole story lying under these questions. Is my darling's happiness involved in the bravery of any one?" Now the brown head was bowed on his knee, and he was stroking the ripples and smoothing the waves with his withered hand, very much after the manner of a mother soothing a child in pain.

"I believe I can tell *you*, grandfather, though even to you it will be hard to speak it;" here Jeanie's voice fell into the softest of little quivers, which seemed to produce some stoppage to her power of speech, for she did not go on.

"Suppose, then, dearie, I reverse the order of things, and tell you," and the grandfather smiled quietly to himself over the unconscious ripples and waves, by the agency of which the fiercely panting hearts of the roses were hidden. "Maurice Elbert loves my little girl, and Maurice Elbert is worthy of her love in all respects save one, and of that there is some mystery; more people than my puzzled little girl are striving in vain to fathom."

"But grandfather—"

"No, dearie—hush! I did not say anybody loved Maurice Elbert; I only said he was worthy of some-

body's love! No harm done, therefore—no need for indignation. Now, remember, when I say Maurice Elbert is worthy of my darling's love, I say the very highest praise in the power of these old lips to bestow on any one!"

Whereupon uprose Jeanie, and literally smothered him, and set him to catching his breath in such a manner that it was some minutes before he could speak any more. Which time Jeanie utilized by taking up the neglected bandages, and suddenly becoming very busy over them.

"Hadn't you better come back here, my dear?" asked grandfather, not daring to smile.

"I have supper to get soon," said Jeanie, very demurely, "and I must put these out of the way first."

"Well, then," he went on, not attempting to watch the effect of his words on the face he loved best on earth—face, to him, the type of purity, and the threshold from which looked out a noble soul; "I was going to say, very few really see Maurice Elbert as he is. I think I do. I consider him a man of rare integrity, high courage, and chivalrous honor. He came here a stranger, and he has won the confidence and respect of all connected with him in business. He seldom goes into society, but when he does he wins 'golden opinions' from the intellectual and discerning. He would never have come here, as you know, but that I brought him, attracted by his rare conversational powers, and wishing to enjoy more of them than I could in our chance meetings at places of business. I know that, by the world at large, he is accused of two grave sins, parsimony and cowardice: parsimony, because, earning a good salary as cashier of the first bank in the city, he lives in the simplest style, and wears the plainest clothes; cowardice, because he has, so far, resisted every call to enlist in the Union army, and has even been heard to aver that were he drafted he would pay for a substitute before he would go."

"Yes, grandfather," and once more the poor roll lay a confused mass of rings, "and the world goes farther! It points to me as the cause of his cowardice—because he comes to see *you*—"

"And sends *me* flowers, and meets *me* on my way from Mass, and if it be raining brings an umbrella for *me*, and happens to call at the church after choir rehearsals, and, being there by chance, sees *me* home with much care, etc., etc." He laughed with infinite *gusto* as Jeanie once more took refuge in the bandages. When she had grown quite absorbed in them:

"Now, my dear," he proceeded to say, "I don't want to plead for Maurice; not at all. I leave him to do that for himself, as a brave man should. And I am very glad to see my little girl so particular about the honor and courage of the man who shows so plainly that he seeks her love. But I would have her judge him, not according to the standard of that world, which, besides being inconsistent and unfair, is generally false in its estimate of any one not bowing at its shrine,—I would have her, on the contrary, judge him by the dictates of reason and religion. Reason says: 'A character stamped with qualities of the loftiest nature could scarcely own two attributes so mean as these imputed to him; let justice demand that, until he be proved guilty of them in some more certain way than the mere appearances against him now, he be considered on trial at least.' Religion says: 'When in doubt about so precious a treasure as a reputation, let charity's side be the one on which to lean.'"

"That is all true, grandfather, and I will abide by it."

It appeared to be very pleasant truth, too; for, as the roll grew into

completion under fingers no longer trembling, a sweet little burst of song flitted through the lips of the worker, and the old man gladly watched soft flashes of light come and go over the face so dear to him.

"I have a little story of nearly a hundred years ago, my dear. May I tell it to you?"

"Yes," and she laid aside the now finished roll, and tripped to her old place at his feet, "just here, grandfather, where the stories of my childhood were told to me."

"Ah, that is where I like you best to be, little one! 'Once upon a time,' the time when men's souls were stirred with the thirst for liberty, which caused the birth of a great nation, and not far from this spot, where we now live in the peace and plenty won by their sacrifice and heroic strife, there lived a maiden about your age—a maiden with ripples of brown hair like yours, and a face indicative of spirit like yours. Her name was Marie Devereaux. Her father had been a French soldier, which is but saying he was a brave and honorable man, and, indeed, it was bravery and honor brought him to these shores, for he came over with the heroic Lafayette to fight for our liberty. I need scarcely say Marie inherited his heroism of soul, for that a delicate maiden, accustomed to French luxury, and reared in the midst of French refinement, should accompany her father to so comfortless and dangerous a place as America then was, through a sense of filial duty alone, proves that without question. You know, my dear, the girls of to-day sit sheltered in homes hemmed in by abundance, where the girls of a hundred years ago faced poverty, hunger, cold—nay, were compelled to manual labor in the midst of these—labor to which, in many cases, they had never been accustomed before. Marie's was one of these cases. Reared in elegance, she came here with grand dreams of liberty in her heart, to find that none but workers could live in the incipient republic. For the sake of her father's comfort she set herself to work; she learned to accomplish all a woman's hands can do; no household employment was too homely for her gentle hands. She kept their cottage smiling through all its bareness, and in her leisure hours, as was the custom with the women of that day, she spun, or wove, or knit the coarse stuffs necessary for the clothing of the soldiers. And many, many times had wearied men, on the march, to bless her for food, or rest, or timely gift of needed garment. She was often known to brighten arms, and fill cartridges, and even help to convert reaping-hooks into weapons of defence, when men to do such work were scarce. There was not much romance in those days, but far and near, even as if it were the age of chivalry, did knightly souls do homage to Marie Devereaux, and by these she was reverently named 'the angel of the army.' Of course, many loved her, and as such stories must run, of course she loved but one. He was of her own nation and her own rank in life, a young officer, Jean Delacroix by name. They were betrothed, and every one pronounced it a happy union, for he was as brave as she was fair, and she as high-souled as he was stainless in truth and honor.

"One day Jean, on whose countenance it had never before been her lot to see a sign of fear, appeared before her pale and trembling:

"'Marie,' said he, with quivering voice, quite unlike his own, which used to ring out clear and steady as a clarion note, 'I have to say adieu!' He wrung his hands. 'They will tell you I am a coward,' he added, with quiet despair in the tone that crushed her heart like some cruel iron weight; 'but do not believe them. *I am not a coward!*' He gave her a quick, loving embrace, and while her pale lips strove in vain to speak their faith in him,

he left her. For, Jeanie, she had faith in him, 'even unto death,' as you will see.

"She had been standing on the spot where he left her but a few minutes, and during these few minutes was quite incapable of speech or action, when her father entered.

"'It is terrible to tell you, my child,' said he, 'but Jean has proved himself a coward. I know you would prefer to hear he laid amongst the noble dead on the field of battle. I pity you—him I condemn even as the veriest worm crawling in the dust.'

"'I *do not*, my father,' she answered, with quiet conviction.

"'Then you do not believe the charge.'

"'I have not heard it specified; he has said he is not a coward, and his word will prevail with me, unless my own eyes see untruth in him!'

"He looked at her heroic aspect as she said this, and sighed. The fairest majesty of womanhood, that of love, put to the test, and found invulnerable, crowned her beautiful brow, and her face wore the impress of truth, which flung its proud challenge to the world, dauntless in its own innate strength.

"'Unworthy, most unworthy!' fell from his lips at the spectacle she formed.

"'At least tell me wherein, father,' she said, gently.

"'Alas, my child, that I must! But it is better I should tell it, than any one less tender of your feelings. Jean Delacroix, in the presence of many of his brother officers, has been called a liar and a coward, and refused to wipe out the stain by meeting his insulter in mortal combat.'

"'And his insulter?'

"'Is Jules Duvant, who would fain, as you know, hold his place in your affections.'

"'Yes,' and her eyes flashed indignation, 'and, doubtless, gave him the lie as to something concerning my name.'

"'It is even so,' answered he. 'The officers were drinking a toast to the "angel of the army," and her betrothed, and when Jean stood up to acknowledge the compliment, Jules Duvant cried out, "Hold, you are a liar, if you call yourself her accepted lover"! "Nevertheless," and I grieve to say, Jean's face blanched instantaneously, though his voice was steady, "I do call myself so." "Liar!" and before any one could interpose, Jules Duvant, heated by wine, sprang forward, and struck him across the face. The mark of his hand was livid for a moment, then grew purple—Jean Delacroix folded his arms, set his teeth fiercely together, but said nothing. "Coward!" then cried the other, apparently maddened by this amazing silence, "I challenge, you to fight!" "*I will not fight!*" answered Jean, and he turned on his heel and walked out of the room. "Coward!" then passed from lip to lip. He has lost caste, Marie. He can never raise his head amongst the officers of his regiment again.'

"'And yet,' spoke this noble heart, 'it may have been the highest type of courage which caused his refusal to fight. Coward! Father, *I* never could have loved a coward! I love him still, and he cannot be a coward!'

"But Jean appeared no more where he had been, and his name was bandied about from tongue to tongue as that of a poltroon. Marie said nothing at all, but 'He is not a coward!' She went about her work as usual; she was more than ever the 'angel of the army;' but her voice never rose in song, and the smiles on her sweet face lost half their light.

"It might have been about a year after all this that news was brought here of the storming of Fort H, one mile distant. It was a bloody battle, and hundreds lay on the field outside, wounded and dying. So our people sallied forth to alleviate their sufferings. The first tidings

that greeted them were of a common soldier, who, all the day before, had performed prodigies of valor, and won the commendation of his superior officers, even on the battle-ground. The British, who held the fort, had succeeded in repulsing the Americans, who rested for the night, but next morning renewed the attack with determined valor. Charge after charge of gallant men had to retire before the 'showers of iron hail' sent forth on them, and the tide of battle might have turned in favor of the besieged, but that the flagging spirits of the half-wearied besiegers were roused suddenly by an incident as touching as it was heroic. A common soldier sprang on to the fortifications, and held aloft the banner of the republic! A rousing cheer and an overpowering charge from the men behind was the result of the act. They succeeded in making a breach, they rushed through, bayonet in hand, every eye raised to the hero. A shot from the enemy shivered the arm that held the flag aloft. The arm fell powerless, and hung like a dead thing, but quick as thought the other grasped the staff, and proudly held the colors still aloft. Ah, it was but a moment! Another craven shot! another sharp report! the second arm of the noble soldier was shattered, and he, lying a motionless heap under the fallen banner! Lo! in a second, a light form had scaled the earthworks, the banner again floated to the breeze, and standing like a protecting spirit over the wounded hero, stood, with aspect of unutterable majesty and beauty, 'the angel of the army!'

"'For,'—it was a low, sweet tone, spoken to herself, or some angel near, yet it penetrated to every heart,—'this is *my* Jean, and *he is not a coward!*'

"The whole army rushed forward to rescue her. The fort was taken. The 'angel of the army' had won the day!"

Jeanie had been weeping silently, now her sobs grew loud and irrepressible, sole answer to the singular pathos of the tale. Grandfather turned aside a moment, furtively wiped his cheeks, went through a process of clearing the throat, strongly suggestive of inability to speak just then, and finally forced himself to go on:

"When they reached her, when victorious hands took the flag reverently from hers, it was to see her bend over him, raise his fallen head from the earth, and pillow it on her heart.

"'Jean!'

"As if the call brought life, the eyes opened, pierced through the shadow gathering in them, and settled in recognition upon her eager face. Then a smile stole over the half-parted lips—lips on which life fluttered like bird with broken wing, vainly striving to rise.

"'Jean!'

"'Present!' softly stole out of the soldier's smile in death, and the eyes which had recognized her closed themselves gently.

"'Oh! he is dying!' burst from her heart almost involuntarily.

"'At my post!' The hero spoke no more."

Even if the old man could have gone on, Jeanie's passion of weeping at this silenced him for a time. He sat stroking her head in his own way, and thinking his own thoughts about her emotion. When he spoke again it was with a sweet touch of sympathy in his voice.

"Yes, my dearie, the hero was dead! The ball which had shattered the second brave arm penetrated to his heart. They wrapped him in the colors he had so bravely held to the end, and buried him with the highest military honors. But the 'angel of the army' bore a widowed heart from the hour he died.

"From the moment she first heard of the private soldier who had performed such wonders of bravery she

thought of her lover, and determined to watch. Being near the scene of battle to aid the wounded, she saw and, through the rough disguise he had adopted, recognized him.

"Near his heart was found a note addressed to her. It said:

"'If I fall, tell my mother I kept my promise to her through a fiery ordeal. And, for the rest, know that in life, in death, and beyond death, I am *thine*.—JEAN.'

"Ah! when she told his mother, far away, it was to discover what that promise was. On condition that he made it solemnly, she had granted him permission to fulfil the dream of his youth, by entering into the service of a nation struggling for liberty. It was, never to accept a challenge to engage in a duel. His father had been killed in one when she was the bride of one short year, and from out the depths of a heart so early blighted she had determined to preserve this only child from a like fate. You see, therefore, that which appeared cowardice to the cruel world was the highest species of honor, combined with rare bravery to carry it out.

"Marie Devereaux devoted the life left desolate by her hero's death to deeds of charity and self-denial. She remained the 'angel of the army,' of the people, of the suffering, to the very last, and when, years after, her beautiful spirit fled to its native home, a weeping multitude laid her in the grave of her lover, whose memory they had tenderly kept green. You will find that grave, my dearie, amongst those of your kindred, for Marie Devereaux was my mother's only sister, and over and over have her lips given me the history of her gentle life's tragedy."

Jeanie was very silent now. Even her tears fell without a sob to mark their fall. The old man let her indulge it for awhile, and then said he—

"Does my little girl like this old, old story?"

"More than she can ever tell, dear grandfather," she answered; "you have written it on her heart."

"And what is she thinking that keeps her so very, very quiet?"

"I am thinking, dear grandfather—I am sure I need not mind telling you—that *I* could never love a coward."

Thereat she rose and went off in a great hurry to get supper—he supposed. And after supposing this, he said to himself slyly:

"And, *ergo*, as you love Maurice Elbert, *he* cannot be a coward. Proved satisfactorily!" Then he lit his pipe, and dreamed many dreams, all having a common ending—smoke.

II.

Now, this was rehearsal night, and Maurice Elbert "happened" (to quote from grandfather) "to be around at the church." Just as he entered, Jeanie's voice, than which no voice sweeter or clearer could have been found, was chanting, like a plaint from out of the depths of a heart where pain sat regnant, "*Dona nobis pacem.*" He could hear it from below, where he waited till the singers would come down from the gallery, and it seemed to force him to kneel in prayer, that its evident cry might be regarded where peace has its home, and from where alone it can descend on earthly hearts. In this plaint, to which that rarely expressive voice converted the words, he seemed to read the story of the heart dearer to him than the whole world beside, and he determined to speak to it what lay in his own.

When the singers came down, a laughing crowd of young people, they gathered outside of the church-door for a little bit of the inevitable chat before parting for the night.

"Mr. Elbert," cried Belle Murdoch, one of those daring beauties who pride themselves on being able to "say anything," "what are you going to do now that the President

has called for 'three hundred thousand more?'"

Every eye turned itself upon Maurice Elbert, but he only sought one pair, from out of the clear gray depths of which looked a heart troubled but expressive of faith in him.

"That which I have been compelled to do from the first, Miss Murdoch," he replied, with quiet dignity, which said, "question no farther."

But people of Belle Murdoch's stripe are never deterred by such latent warnings.

"Ah!" she insisted, in a tone of careful politeness, which held all the more effectually the intended sting, "but it is said, every man not physically disabled will be compelled to go."

"Indeed!" he answered, without sign of emotion.

"And I do not see how any one can escape, without leaving the country."

"One, who wishes to escape," he answered slowly, "can leave the country. But, Miss Murdoch, one who has no thought of escape, can remain steadfastly at the work appointed by divine Providence, and abide His will as to any compulsion of serving in the army. As you have done me the honor to interest yourself in my action regarding this crisis, I explain that the latter is my case."

Then he went over to Jeanie, who stood the very picture of nervous excitement.

"Religion, a cloak for cowardice," Belle Murdoch was saying to her nearest neighbor, in a whisper loud enough to be heard by every one.

And her nearest neighbor replied in the same piercing tone, "Wonder if she'll let him see her home?"

"Jeanie," he had never called her so before, and it too was a whisper but for her ear, her heart, alone. "You hear the challenge; may I be your knight, or do you turn aside from the —reputed—coward?"

She placed her arm within his for answer, and, in the face of the mocking crowd, walked away with him. Away from their gossiping comments which ensued, away from their rash judgments, away from their cruel and unjust surmises. And she knew it was not for the hour, but for all time, she had taken his part, and accepted him for her "knight." She knew by the quick decision of the tone, though spoken in a whisper, and the silent clasping of the little gloved hand with which she had answered him, a clasp preserved in silence as instinctive to both as it was sweet, till they found themselves in the little sitting-room, where they had spent numberless happy hours together, in which his love found being.

"Jeanie," he then said, "can you believe I am not a coward, without any explanation of the cause of my apparent cowardice."

She looked up at him with faith that might weep with the pain of listening to what the world said of him, but could never swerve.

"I do believe it," she answered.

"Then, I may say what I would not while there was danger of your believing that which the world decided about me. Jeanie, I *love you*. Can you give me your love?"

"That I have faith in your bravery, on your own word," was the proud answer, spoken without blush or tremor, "is the result of the fact that my love is yours. I *could* not love a coward!"

But after the speech, the blushes surged up over her beautiful face in such overpowering abundance, that she was fain to hide them. Ah! well, a shelter was open for them, wherein it is not your business, nor yet mine, my reader, to pry.

III.

It was five years afterwards, and to-morrow was to be their wedding day.

"Now, Maurice," said grand-

father, as the three sat together, spending the evening in quiet happiness, "tell Jeanie the story you told me, when you asked me for my little girl."

"Yes," he answered, with unutterable pride and love in his tone, "she has waited well for it, and never did lover find such test of love so truly proved as I have found this, with which God blesses my life to-morrow. Dear, you thought I could not be a coward, yet, I once deserved the name, and it was but fitting that I should atone for it by being so reputed, when I was really brave."

Jeanie looked from grandfather to him defiantly.

"No," she said, "I do not believe a word of it!"

"But it is really so," said grandfather.

"It cannot be!" cried Jeanie.

"Yes," Maurice insisted, "I was, to all intents and purposes, a coward —that is, a person lacking the only true type of bravery, moral courage."

She sat puzzled for a moment, then cried joyfully:

"Yes, I see it all now; you mistook some act for bravery, and believing it to be such, carried it out. Ah! Maurice, you intended to be brave, and you were not a coward, I don't care what you did!"

Maurice did not see that grandfather's presence need prevent him from taking to the heart, inexpressibly touched by this belief in him, his gentle champion. And it was quite natural that with the brown ripples and waves resting against his broad shoulder and one little hand nestling in grandfather's, she should hear what confirmed all her proud faith in him, and rewarded all her steadfast love.

"Yes, dear," he said, "you have guessed it. I was young, and hot-headed, and I thought it courage to resent an insult by fighting a duel. I fought the duel, I wounded my adversary, but through a mercy of God I did not deserve, his life was spared. He was a young man, having an aged mother to support, and had been my schoolmate from childhood up. The moment he fell my heart smote me. While he lay for days between life and death, and I was in hiding from the officials of the law, I suffered the hell of a murderer's remorse and a murderer's frightful dreams. When, at last, it was decided that he would live, but helpless as to work, I made a vow to the God who had lovingly averted from me the reality of being stained with the murder of my friend, that I would devote my own life to his support and that of his mother. I have kept that vow; my apparent parsimony was the result of giving all I could spare out of my salary to them, and my apparent cowardice the necessity of remaining at business to keep my vow. Now, dear, you know all. We could not be married sooner, because, until very lately, I was not able to support two households. Now I have ample means, through God's blessing on my exertions, and in the future my little wife will know and learn to love those helpless ones for whose sake I had to brave even the loss of her good opinion. But," and he touched reverently with his lips the brown head bent to hide silent tears, "as my darling was sure she could never love a coward, so was I sure I could never love one who could believe me such."

I do not know that it is necessary to recount what ensued. The intelligent reader will draw his own inferences; in fact, it would be an insult to his discernment not to leave him to do so.

GIACOMO, CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

One of the features of Rome before the year 1870, was the appearance in the streets of the splendid equipages of the Pope and Princes of the church. There was much to interest the American spectator especially. Unaccustomed to the demonstrations of royalty, the great, black horses, in gilded trappings, the red coach, the pompous driver, in the glory of patent leather pumps, white silk stockings, velveteens, rainbow coat, periwig, and three-cornered hat, with the unsubduable footmen behind in similar habiliments, formed a strange novelty in his democratic eyes. After a time, his interest centred, not in the equipages, but in the occupant, clothed in scarlet, a Cardinal Prince of the Roman Catholic Church. But there was one Cardinal, from whom the array of royalty could never divert the attention of the stranger, even on the first occasion of his witnessing the turnout just described. His gaze rested upon the face that was always looking out of the window, not at immediate objects, but at something distant. The stranger heeded not the red cap, nor the red mantle. He only saw the thin, pale face, the square, solid forehead, the black, piercing eyes, the prominent nose, the thin lips, slightly parted as if by mental excitement, and displaying a faultless array of white teeth, which gave, not so much a pleasant, as a strangely fascinating expression to the mouth. It is a face that would make a lasting impression even if seen amid multitudes. There are such faces. There is a light in every face which exercises an immediate influence upon us. But the influence is only momentary, and passes away. There are other faces, which not only have light in them, but they are also alive with an indefinable power which we feel at once and never forget after. The face at the carriage window is one of these, and no wonder that the stranger should ask, "Who is that?" The answer only rouses his interest the more, and he tries to get another glimpse of the Cardinal, but he is around the corner, exercising the same influence upon other beholders, and they too ask who it is, and are answered with laconic mystery—"Antonelli!" He need not be introduced. He is known, the world over, as the Secretary of State of Pope Pius IX, as the man who has coped with the wily diplomates of Europe for the last seven-and-twenty years. He is an old man now, shaken by years and infirmities, but his face is ever the same, full of light and of life, and full of mystery, even to his most intimate friends. His whole life is a mystery to them. He appeared upon the stage of Europe in '49, and has sustained a difficult rôle ever since, never faltering, never embarrassed by the tempests of disapprobation which have burst upon him from all quarters, never jubilant in that success which his conscience tells him he has achieved, and which the present generation questions so vehemently. Posterity will take a more dispassionate view of him, and pronounce sentence accordingly. We do not purpose to give his biography. We could not if we would. But, premising a few necessary items of information regarding his birth, family, and education, we will submit some considerations, which may enable the reader to get a clearer view of the Cardinal in his public capacity. He is a Count by birth, and was born on the 1st of April, 1806, in Terracina, an ancient town on the southern confines of what was known, when might and intrigue were

not acknowledged to be the constituent elements of right, as the States of the Church. At the age of ten he was taken to Rome, and placed in the Pontifical Seminary of Sant Apollinare, that nursery which has given to the Church some of the brightest lights of modern times. It suffices to mention the name of one man, who cultivated in the Apollinare that intrepidity of ecclesiastical spirit, which makes him today the admiration of the world, Pius IX. Young Antonelli left a record in the Apollinare which corresponds to a nicety with the character which we associate with him today. Tradition speaks of him as having been "*svelto assai*"—very quick. He was not a hard student. He was never known to study hard save before the annual examinations, and then the amount of matter which he reviewed was amazing. During the rest of the scholastic year, he was immersed in contemporaneous history, and found nothing so interesting as the negotiations between the illustrious Cardinal Gonsalvi and the disingenuous Napoleon I. He saw the turn given to European affairs by the latter's conquests, was an intelligent witness of the beginnings of what is known now as the great Revolution of the nineteenth century; and the event has proved that he must have studied the monster profoundly, for he is still unvanquished. He left the Roman seminary without receiving major orders. But he loved the Church so dearly, that although he had a holy dread of receiving the sacred order of priesthood, he continued to wear the ecclesiastical habit and tonsure. From the days of Leo XII he was connected with the Vatican in the capacity of domestic prelate. The memory of Cardinal Gonsalvi, Secretary of State to Pius VII, was still fresh at the Vatican, and many of the old prelates there had been the friends of the great man. So, young Antonelli became as familiar with his life and character as if he had known him. Add to this, that he was the personal friend of Cardinal Bernetti, Secretary of State, first to Leo XII, and afterwards to Gregory XVI. He was equally intimate with Cardinal Lambruschini, who was nominated Secretary of State on the death of Bernetti. Amid such associations, he advanced in age and experience. It is natural to suppose that one who took so warm an interest in current events, notwithstanding the restrictions of seminary life, would not remain indifferent when enjoying the friendship and confidence of those who represented the most important element in the events, the Holy See. He saw Mazzini in the infancy of his revolutionary career. He saw Garibaldi's first movements, and disagreed with many seers of the time, who said that the Nizzardo (Garibaldi) was a wild visionary, whose revolutionary ebullitions would subside when he grew older, or after he had made the acquaintance of confinement within the prison walls. He saw the forced abdication of Charles Albert in favor of Victor Emanuel, and later on beheld Victor Emanuel's *alter ego*, Cavour, rise up in the then insignificant parliament of Sardinia, and point towards Rome with a significance that few at the time could appreciate. He saw the spark thrown by Vincenzo Gioberti into the arena of Italy, in his book entitled the *Primacy of Italy*, and which became a very conflagration afterwards. The league of Italian youths, called *La Giovane Italia*—young Italy—need not be described. Gioberti's original purpose was sincere and praiseworthy. He advocated the unity of Italy, but placed as the foundation of her independence, and as the inseparable companion of her glory, the Catholic Church, with the Roman Pontiff as the natural and moral chief of all Italy. To the fervid imagination of the Italians, Italy became at once the queen of nations, she

marched before all the rest in the way of progress, recalled all to Christian civilization, and went forth to Christianize and civilize the rest of the globe. "A dream," said Antonelli, and the abortive birth of *La Giovane Italia* proved him a sage. He was a quiet witness of the mad outburst of enthusiasm which greeted Pius IX when he mounted the pontifical throne, and remained quiet—very—when the patriotic pontiff, with his heart all aglow for liberal reforms, explained his views on Italian independence. With the wealth of all this experience, and great talent, coupled with a strong yet prudent love of the Church, he was just the man to be one of the new Pope's counsellors, and in the Consistory, June 7th, 1847, he was created a Cardinal Deacon. The Holy Father disabused him of his scruples about receiving orders, and ordained him deacon. Beyond that he would not go. We are not writing a panegyric of him, but we think it a no insignificant tribute to his integrity, that he consented to take upon himself the obligations of the priesthood, yet deprecated the honor. The Revolution broke out in Rome, Count Rossi was assassinated, and the Pope obliged to fly from the city. Cardinal Antonelli was one of the first to join His Holiness in his exile at Gaeta, and he remained with him until after the discomfiture of Garibaldi, at the gate of St. Pancratius, in Rome, and the consequent occupation of the city by the French troops. But before the return of His Holiness to his capital, and while he lived at Gaeta, with very little to hope for, he appointed Cardinal Antonelli as his Secretary of State. The office of Secretary of State to the Pope is at any time anything but an enviable sinecure. But in 1849 few men would have undertaken to discharge it. It is true that the interference of the French offered some hope of a lasting calm, but, in reality, it was only the sun struggling behind mountains of stormy clouds. The calm was only apparent. The sectaries of Italy were roused; they had tasted the inebriating sweets of exaggerated liberty, and though quieted for the nonce, it was patent to the most unobserving that, at the first opportunity, they would rise again with more force than before. This were an evil great enough in itself to make the stoutest hearts quail. But add to this, the fact that the government of Sardinia entered into a league with the revolutionists against the Holy See, and the importance of the office just assigned to Cardinal Antonelli becomes most vital. He evinced no embarrassment, but set about his duties as if all went well, and to this day has he comported himself in the same manner. In connection with the Secretary of State of His Holiness, we deem a few considerations on public men in general necessary. All public men, it matters not how unimpeachable their integrity, are slandered. For all public men, in the present order of things, in which the people have much to say and do, have enemies. Can we believe all that is said derogatory to the honor of Bismarck, of Von Buest, of Gladstone, of Minghetti, of Victor Emanuel, of the Emperor of Austria, of the Emperor of Prussia, of the late unfortunate Emperor of the French? Certainly, not all. We would show ourselves but very indifferent judges of human nature if we did. Party spirit to-day is most unruly, most intemperate, most unfair, most injudicious. It is not content with attacking a man in his public capacity, with casting shadows upon his honor, his motives, and what not, but it enters sacrilegiously into the inviolable sanctity of his private life, and drags forth before the public notice, his vices and virtues indiscriminately, and to the eager and excitable world the one becomes the other, virtues grow black and hideous, while vices be-

come immaculate. When Pilate clothed Jesus Christ as a fool, crowned him with a mock crown of thorns, tied his hands behind him, and brought him out before the populace with the introduction, "*Ecce Homo!*" few men in that frenzied crowd believed him innocent. Few believed him to be other than what the foul-mouthed Scribes and Pharisees had represented him, an impostor "who seduceth the people." It is far from our intention to compare our Blessed Redeemer, who was faultlessness itself, with the public men of our day, or, indeed, of any time. We only wish to exemplify how easily and how unreasonably public opinion may be drawn into a destructive channel by the manner in which a subject is presented.

"What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in a slanderous tongue?"

To be practical, King Victor Emanuel, though he has taken the revolutionists to his bosom, has been slandered by them, actually slandered! It is but natural, too, that the party which he has outraged, should indulge in a certain amount of exaggeration, compatible with honest and just indignation. The wronged party in Italy can use its lungs very well, considering. Without appearing to digress, we would say, small consolation to them, for the world at large is deaf in their regard. That a great deal of truth may be narrated to the disparagement of the public men of Europe to-day, we are confident. Cardinal Antonelli, like all public men, is subject to slander, yet unjustly. First of all, that part of Europe and America which differs with him in religious and political matters, believe him to be an archfiend of duplicity and cunning, and that his ambition embraces the whole world. This ambition is generally characterized by the anti-Roman organs of Germany and England as "the exorbitancies of the Vatican." The sectaries of Italy, or the liberals—they are one and the same—charge him with the same designs, but they go farther still, and attack him in his private life, for the public believe in the maxim, "*Bonum ex integra causa, malum ex quoemque defectu.*" Besides this adverse tide, Cardinal Antonelli has to bear the brunt of another storm, insignificant in itself, but, like the barking and snarling of contemptible curs, is very annoying. I speak of the habit of fault-finding which is proverbially attributed to the Romans, even the most kindly disposed of them. They are very aptly described by one of their own writers as *Pettegoli*, gossip-mongers. There are three or four ancient cafés in Rome, wherein coffee is doled out per cup at the ante-Porta-Pian price of two sous. These cafés are frequented by instalments of old fogies, whose contentment is at its acme when they are provided with a cup of coffee, a pinch of snuff, an indescribable handkerchief, for the reception of frequent nasal discharges, and just the least possible story to the discredit of somebody, the higher up this body stands on the stairway of life, the more intense their enjoyment. You will hear one old fellow say, "If Pio didn't have that insinuating fellow Antonelli at his elbow, he would have embraced the King four years ago. Pio is good, but Giacomo (Antonelli) is close and deep, and, mind what I say (hereat the old wiseacre lowers his voice to an asthmatic whisper), that Cardinal means mischief." And another old fellow, who is always talking about "*I Francesi*," growls because the Cardinal is rich; and another finds fault with his refusing to come out of the Vatican, so long as the Pope chooses to be a prisoner. In fact, these old fellows represent one phase of Pasquin. But Pasquin has never spared the Popes, much less the Secretaries of State. Perhaps no man ever fought more nobly with diplo-

matic weapons in defence of the rights of the Holy See, than that model churchman and hero, Cardinal Gonsalvi. He had a shrewd, powerful, yet unfair and ungenerous adversary in Napoleon I. The world to-day knows of Napoleon's meannesses, and while condemning them, and compassionating him, it is unanimous in its verdict that Cardinal Gonsalvi was a great and a good man. Yet the Pasquin of the first fifteen years of this century gave out in the cafés of Rome, and through several pungencies lettered on the base of the old statue, that Cardinal Gonsalvi was an incomprehensible subject, consequently bad. Cardinal Bernetti was another dangerous mystery, because he managed the state affairs of Leo XII, and Gregory XVI, without making Pasquin privy thereunto. Cardinal Lambruschini nearly drove Pasquin to desperation, for, what with inheriting the reticence of his predecessors, he was the possessor of a no small personal amount of that virtue. In short, the "*Nemo propheta in patria sua*" (No one is a prophet in his own country) is eminently applicable to the Romans. Cardinal Antonelli is not a prophet here. Pasquin won't have it now, nor would he hear of it from the beginning. And yet—strange inconsistency—when certain Piedmontese journals talk seriously of deifying Cavour, Pasquin arises in his wrath, and says, that there is no statesman like Antonelli. Pasquin has always said, "*Il Papa ei può tagliare la testa, mai non ei può levare la lingua*"—the Pope can cut our heads off, but he cannot take our tongues away. So they have maligned Antonelli, and continue to do so. Some charge him with having grown rich by his office, and of having enriched his relatives. Cardinal Antonelli was always rich, and his father was *not* "a count without a county." His brother Filippo, who was also governor of Rome, was for many years the president of the Roman Bank. It is not for us to enter into details, nor to refute slanders. We will only say, regarding scandalous reports which have been circulated against him, that, if there was aught of truth in them, they would take a positive form, sooner or later, in some public fact which would be beyond question. It is not in the order of things that a man should be a reprobate, and keep the matter concealed through two or three generations. It is possible that one may be a hypocrite and a villain in his heart for a lifetime. But actions will speak in the end. There is but one argument with which we can meet these accusations, and it is that which Christ himself has left us, "*Perhibe testimonium de malo*"—give testimony of the evil. It is unquestionable that many of the Romans were jealous of the confidence placed in the Cardinal by His Holiness, and of the extent of his power. Besides, his brother Filippo was for many years governor of the city. This feeling of jealousy found expression in Pasquinade. When Pius IX was returning from his tour through the Pontifical States, some time after his return from Gaeta, the people gave him an ovation. The Flaminian Way, from the Porta del Popolo to the Milvian Bridge, was beautifully adorned with festoons, while at intervals were placed, facing each other, in pairs, statues of the apostles Peter and Paul, Philip and James, and so on. Pasquin became irreverent in giving expression to his envy. He came out with a caricature representing a poor peasant, kneeling down before the statue of St. Peter, on the Flaminian Way, and begging the saint to do him some favor or other. St. Peter answered him also in the name of St. Paul, "*Non vi possiamo fare niente noi altri, bisogna audare da Giacomo* (Cardinal Antonelli) *e Filippo*" (Governor Antonelli)—We can do nothing for you; you must go to James and Philip (Antonelli).

Perhaps no better tribute can be paid to the personal merits of Cardinal Antonelli than to say that he is the intimate friend of Pius IX. From the day of his appointment to the office of Secretary of State, down to the present, during these long years of trial and suffering, he has been the counsellor of the venerable Pope. Every morning, when His Holiness has said mass and taken his chocolate, he is closeted for an hour and more with Cardinal Antonelli, and no personage is received during the day, concerning whom His Holiness has not previously consulted the Cardinal as to how he shall be received, and what shall be said to him. The man whom Pius IX deigns to honor with his confidence and friendship, and to whose counsel he submits in matters of great importance, must needs be a man of great moral worth, and of no ordinary intellectual qualifications. For twenty-seven years Cardinal Antonelli has navigated with the Vicar of Christ in a stormy sea of troubles, such as never befell a pontiff before him. During all that time he has been in constant communication with men whose highest ambition is—to use a diplomatic term—to checkmate an adversary. What adversary more hated, aye, and more feared, too, than that represented by Cardinal Antonelli, the Holy See? He has negotiated with Napoleon III, with Von Beust, with Bismarck, with Cavour, yet not a single instance can be adduced in which he compromised the Holy See. All these conspired against the Holy See, and while attacking its interests in concert, each strove to make an individual conquest of his own. Against these powerful allies Cardinal Antonelli remained and is still master of his situation. The Holy See has been robbed of all by brute force, but its honor, even as a temporality, is still preserved, and this is the situation which Cardinal Antonelli has defended against great odds. The Holy See has lost all, but saved its honor. The enemies and despoilers of the Holy See have gained all, but lost their honor. Of France, in our profound sympathy for her misfortunes, we shall say nothing—but this: Had her ill-fated Emperor practiced but a mite of that stern honesty which is the foundation-stone of Cardinal Antonelli's diplomatic tact, she would not probably have been reduced to the sorrowful extremity of that city over which Jeremias wept—paying tribute to an alien. Bismarck has achieved much, but where is his honor? Gone in the startling revelations which have been made within the past few years. What is La Marmora's book "*Un pò più di luce*" —A little more light,—and Arnini's correspondence, and his recent work, "*Pro nihilo*," and many other publications, but the hecatomb of Bismarck's honor? Truant papers and letters derogatory to the honor of Von Beust, and the power which he represented, have also come before the public. Regarding Cavour and his successors, it would seem as if they made it an honorable profession to be dishonorable. O, those tell-tale diplomatic documents! How they start from their security in all their naked meannesses, and lies, and equivocations, and quibbles, and subterfuges, such as we would only associate with the most contemptible and unconscionable pettifoggers! But no document has ever been seen disparaging to the honor of Cardinal Antonelli, or the cause which he represents. If such a document existed at all, it would have been published eagerly long ago by men who scrupled not to invent the vilest calumnies against the Holy See. The "pretensions of the Vatican" are the subjects of pamphlets and newspaper articles without number, but in none of these are accusations substantiated by documents. Cardinal Antonelli has often been tempted, for there was a time, and that not

long ago, when the proud potentates of the North thought it worth their while to make overtures to the Holy See. But in no instance has he yielded, and in this, too, he has shown uncommon acuteness. We have unwittingly fallen into a train of thought which we would have wished to avoid, for it is very uncomplimentary to the times we live in. We refer to the fact, that the greatest tribute that could be paid to a statesman nowadays, is to say that he has not lost his honor. We advocate this much, and more, for Cardinal Antonelli. We advocate honor for him, and the silence of his enemies bears us out. But he is a model churchman, too, for knowledge of the Church made him love the Church, and loving the Church he has been her champion in a capacity which cannot be filled by an ecclesiastic, unless he have that justice which excludes fear.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

OFTEN in this winter firelight,
While the shrill-voiced crickets sing,
Slowly rise the quiet beechwoods,
And the world is glad with Spring.

Embers shine and shadows flutter,
But I see the violets grow;
Underfoot the brown leaves lingering,
And the white anemones blow.

And my darling, in her coffin,
Loves me as in days of yore;—
Thirty years have flowered and faded,
But a dead grief lives once more.

Wild-birds call and May-flowers beckon,
And my sweetheart, gone to rest,
Sits beneath the springing larches,
With the anemones in her breast.

Night-winds sigh and snow is falling;
But with firelight, fancies flow
Back to how we loved and parted,
In the spring-time years ago.

VALOROUS WOMEN,

IN DIPLOMACY AND WAR.

"Clorinda on the corner-stone alone,
In silver arms, like rising Cynthia shone,
Her rattling quiver at her shoulder hung;
So fit to shoot, she singled forth among
Her foes, who first her quarry's strength shall feel;
So fit to shoot, Latona's daughter stood,
When Niobe she killed, and all her brood."

TASSO, *Jerusalem Delivered.*

A GENERAL impression prevails that the question of woman's equality with the lords of creation in mental gifts is one of many results of the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century. But investigation proves that it is an old subject—a cause of contention and argument that has been manifested in every age; one, too, that has always adduced strong and living illustrations of woman's ability to contest and compete with men, even upon their own favored hereditary field of action. Bayle cites a work published in Italy as remote as 1552, wherein the author, Jerome Purcelli, gave the superiority of perfection in all things to woman, and claims Plutarch, Boccaccio, and other master minds, as advocates of this theory. Two other works, published in Paris in 1673 and 1679, assume likwise the ground of the equality of the sexes, and deprecate the injustice bestowed, as a rule, upon women. Prior to this work, a Mr. Jacquette Guillaume published in Paris, in 1665, a book entitled *The Illustrious Ladies; wherein is proved, by good and strong reasons, that the Female Sex in all respects exceeds the Male.* Three or four other works followed, all contending for the same distinction for the weaker sex. So, it is evident that we are only elaborating in this, as in most other things, the initiative of our progenitors; while history proves beyond all cavil that in all branches of learning and art woman has attained distinction in numbers sufficiently large to certify that the general failure of a quality in mental force is not to be so much attributed to the peculiar organization of sex as to individual taste or temperament. From the day Eve wrought her spell of enchantment over the calmer judgment of Adam to the hour when the battle-cry of Deborah pealed throughout the land, and the supplicating prayer of Esther won the ransom of her people, has woman, by her versatility of gifts, worked an influence in the destiny of nations akin to that exercised by the more subtle and logical brain of man.

Beauty, wit, tact, and an intuitive adjudication of cause and effect, bestow upon her the power that the clearer and more analytical judgment yield to the wise, comprehensive mind of man. Through her affections and antipathies, her moral perceptions, her interests, united to her tender humanity, her earnest hope and fervent faith, she grasps a truth, or solves a problem, while the stronger mind is weighing evidence, or balancing the policy or profit of the result.

When Ahab "turned his face to the wall," and wept, because of his avarice, over the loss of the fruitful vineyards of Naboth, the cunning craft of Jezebel, awakened by her conjugal love—the sole virtue of her dark soul—devised means to gratify the cupidity and comfort the grief of her lord.*

Again, the persevering importunity and sembled love of Delilah were more potent agents in the destruction of Samson than the strategy of the warriors, or the machinations of the Philistines' councillors. When the wise and brave men of Sparta trembled at the approach of Pyrrhus, and assembled in council

* Kings, Book III, Chap. XXIII, verse v.

to devise ways and means of sending the women and children to a place of safety, it was the voice of Archidamia, as she entered the hall, sword in hand, crying, "Deliberate not whether we are to fly, but what we are to do!" that sent the first thrill of hope and confidence through their anxious hearts. Whilst the enemy slept upon their arms the delicate hands of the women were employed digging trenches, and they stood upon the battle-ground throughout the three desperate assaults of the united allies of Pyrrhus, thereby preserving through such valorous deeds their homes and children from destruction.

Another remarkable instance, wherein the forethought and tact of a woman obtained great results, is recorded in the case of Philotus, a poor slave girl of Rome, who, upon the demand of the Tiedenates (B.C. 381), that the wives and daughters of the city should be yielded to the army, as the only condition of peace, advised the senators to send the female slaves, disguised in the clothes of the matrons, offering to place herself at the head of the band. This *ruse* succeeded. When the Tiedenates were overcome by the effects of their night revels, Philotus gave a signal to her friends; they were attacked and conquered by the Romans, and the city and women saved from their impending fate.

That the native mental endowments of woman held an exalted niche in the theogony of the ancient Greeks and Romans is proved by the high trust and dignified position assigned her in their religious code. Had she been deemed incapable of fulfilling or ennobling that trust, would not those mighty arbiters have invested the sterner sex with those pure and exalted attributes idolized in the woman? Her precedence in poetry and song, her position as the exponent and preserver of the household virtues, or as the model of all grace and elegance in art, provoke neither question nor surprise; for in these exalted characteristics she brings her diploma as she rises from the last finishing touch of the Great Artist's hand. But when we find her, as in Minerva, the exponent of wisdom; in Themis, as counsellor and judge to the mighty Jove; as seer and prophetess in Cassandra and the Sibyl; holding the shears of fate; hissing the venom of the Furies, and hurling the terrible strokes of Nemesis; together with the trust of cattle and of the fruits and flowers of the earth—we must conclude that the ancients held an estimate of her intuitive gifts which induced them to place her in equal rank with themselves.

When we weigh the disadvantages under which the women of the first era of the Greek and Roman empires lived, the need of the elevating influence of a sublime faith, and the degrading force of the sensuous element to which they were subjected, we are amazed at the depth of power, purity of life, and intellectual development so grandly apparent in the lives of many belonging to that period. Surely her progress under so many obstacles attests her inherent superiority in all that was good and true, merging into a wisdom which could govern, a force that could subdue, and a patriotism that could emulate and even surpass the fiercer and more martial spirit of the hero of an hour's conflict.

Compare the reign of Agrippina with the subsequent rule of her wicked son, Nero. In the depths of her maternal love lay the spring from whence flowed her lofty aspirations, her keen judgment, and that indomitable force of will and strength of purpose that controlled the Senate, and so thoroughly imbued that body with admiration for her transcendent qualities, as to impel them unanimously to invest her with the attributes of a god.

The same womanly instincts developed the skill that directed the

armies of the nation, and endowed her with the iron nerve that held the excitable populace subservient to her word and will. In the case also of Coriolanus, it was the *mother's* intuitions, the *woman's* tender feelings and eloquent patriotism, that dispelled the spirit of revenge evoked by his ungrateful countrymen, and soon that country's ransom.

Whilst opinion stands divided as to the moral purity of the private life of Aspasia, yet none can deny her force of character, or the power of an intellect which could entertain Socrates, charm into enthusiasm by her eloquence the loftiest minds of Athens, and hold for a series of years, in undiminished power, the love and respect of Pericles—the Princess Grazia of the age.

It was through the influence and advice of a woman, St. Catharine of Sienna (under divine direction), that the great papal schism was happily terminated by the return of Pope Gregory XI to Rome. Subsequently, also, she advised him most judiciously in the management of the government then under the anarchical rule of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions. Appreciating the wisdom and beneficial results of her counsel with Pope Gregory, Urban VI also consulted and acted upon her advice in his settlement of the complicated political and religious dissensions of the Florentines. But the instances wherein women have distinguished themselves in momentous questions, as the advisers of the stronger sex, might be multiplied *ad infinitum;* but a review of those varied fields in which she has earned pre-eminence does not come within the compass of this article. One plane of action, the most singular and unnatural—one which we must believe held no part as a portion of her destiny in the wisdom of her Creator, when he gave this last best gift to man, but which force of circumstances, political convulsions, aided by her own restless, impulsive spirit, has driven her into. Sad, but true it is, that even the field of battle, with its torrents of blood, its wails of agony, and all those unearthly sounds and unimaginable horrors, that should appal the heart and blanch the cheek of the woman who retains the warm pressure of her Maker's hand—even such courage has found its aiders and patrons among the gentle hosts of womankind. To follow her through such fearful scenes is the task we now assume.

With the warlike qualities of the Amazons every reader of history is familiar; but even among them there were some who are especially distinguished in the annals of fame. Ancient records tell of Penthiselea, one of their queens, who fought bravely at the siege of Troy, and was killed by Achilles. Pliny attributes to her the invention of the battle-axe.

The Old Testament furnishes some of the earliest examples of this martial spirit in the deeds of Deborah and Judith, and profane history follows the record with innumerable instances. Although many of these may be either traditional or mythical, yet they stand as a type of the age from whence they sprung, or may be attributed as a proof of the valor a love of country can inspire.

Among the first on the list of female warriors stands Semiramis. Possessing scarcely a single womanly characteristic, yet she stamped her age by her pre-eminence in the strong, stern, masculine qualities, which were certainly at that period the most available and profitable. Through her influence and strategic skill her husband, Menones, became the conqueror of Bactria. This first taste of martial *elan* soon developed those talents which ranked her with the first generals of the age, and led her, at the head of her army, to the conquest of Ethiopia, and every province through which she passed, like a demon of destruction, on her

way to India. Here, however, the zest for conquest blinded her judgment, and she fell into an ambush devised by the enemy—quickly extricating herself, however, by great strategic skill.

A redeeming trait in the character of Semiramis, was her love for the beautiful, and her ambition for the honor and celebrity of her own land. To attain this distinction, she reared many of those glorious monuments of antiquity, that have proved more beneficial to her fame than the ephemeral plaudits that arose from her greed of conquest. To her also belongs the foundation of the glory and magnificence of the once mighty Babylon. Mountain and valley she made subservient to her taste and artistic skill, and barren deserts were transformed into plains of flowering verdure, which were kept perennially green through the irrigation that was conveyed by immense aqueducts to the barren soil.

The resignation of her power and honors, when she found them basely coveted by her son, attest a generous and magnanimous spirit, rarely found in the life of one whose career had been so fierce, and whose sway so powerful. Had her heart been utterly callous, maternal affection could not thus have triumphed over the interests of the woman and the ambition of the queen.

The invincible warrior, Cyrus, thought it no derogation of his imperial honor to take the field against a woman. It was at the hands of Tamyris, queen of the Scythians, that he met his death; and by a combination of wily manœuvres she succeeded in drawing his entire army into an ambush, thereby totally destroying his forces of 200,000 men. With her own hands Tamyris cut off the head of her captive, and throwing it into a vessel of human blood, exclaimed in demoniacal triumph: "*Satia te sanguine quem sitisti.*"*

* According to Rollins, Herodotus and Xenophon differ in their account of the death of Cyrus, as wel as in other incidents of his life.

History records two queens of Candia, possessing the same name, and both distinguished for bravery in military affairs, and devoted conjugal love.

The first Artemisia was the friend and attendant of Xerxes, in his expedition against Greece, and provided him with five ships of war. In the council held before the battle of Salamis, she opposed the pending naval engagement,* the fatal results of which justified her opinion and advice. It was the bravery and prowess of this woman while in battle, that elicited the famous exclamation of Xerxes: "The men behave like women, and the women like men."

The second Artemisia, although overwhelmed by grief for the loss of her husband, Maniolus, and devoting so much time to the perpetuation of his memory, yet she did not allow her sorrow to interfere materially with the duties of her elevated position. She assumed command, and led her army in person in a war with the Rhodians, and evinced great skill and undaunted bravery. Her character presents a strange combination of fidelity in love, temerity in danger, and cruelty in conquest, but her treatment of the conquered Rhodians mars her other loftier and more feminine characteristics.

Maria, wife of Zenis, and governor of Etolia, also proved herself equal to the responsibilities of her position. Upon the death of her husband, she waited upon Pharnabazus, satrap of Persia, and entreated him to bestow upon her the command and power held by Zenis. Her petition being granted, she ably redeemed the trust, and acted on all occasions with great wisdom and courage. She defended the positions committed to her charge, commanded the troops in person, and promoted her army to the highest state of military discipline. To the envy and jealousy of

* "Not one," says Herodotus, "gave Xerxes such good advice and such wise counsel as this queen."—*Rollins.*

her son-in-law, Midias, she fell a victim. Qualities above his emulation he determined to destroy, and in cold blood murdered both Maria and her son.

Fulvia, wife of Marc Antony, must have been more than an ordinarily brave woman, even for that age, to be deemed by the great Octavius worthy of a challenge to battle. Nothing daunted, she prepared at once for the field, and armed and equipped like a man, she harangued her soldiers with the vehemence and eloquence of a Cicero. Some authors accuse Fulvia of venting her hatred upon that great statesman for his opposition to the political trickery of Marc Antony, by piercing his once eloquent tongue with a silver bodkin, after his decapitation; but as neither Herodotus nor Plutarch confirm the report, there may be question of its truth. The verdict of history, however, justifies Plutarch's estimate of her character: "She was a woman, not born for spinning or housewifery; not one that would be content with ruling a husband; but capable of advising a magistrate or ruling the general of an army."

We now bid adieu to the brave women of the heathen ages, and come to the year 60 of the Christian era, at which period Boadicea, queen of England, attempted, by force of arms, to recover her rights, and avenge the wrongs suffered by herself and daughters at the hands of the Romans. Few generals have made more thrilling appeals to the hearts and patriotism of their soldiers than did this noble woman, on the eve of the last desperate throe for her own and country's honor. "If you, Britons," she said, "will but consider the motives of this war, you will resolve to conquer or to die. Is it not better to fall honorably in defence of liberty than again be exposed to the outrages of the Romans? Such at least is my resolution; as for you, men, you may, if you please, live and be slaves!" Unfortunately, the confidence inspired by this stirring appeal, and her own valor on the field, proved impotent against the numbers of the enemy, and the superior generalship of Paulinus. The test of inherent strength lies in patient submission to the decrees of Providence. Had Boadicea been truly great, she would bravely have endured her fate, instead of destroying her life, as she did, by poison.

Among all the women who have riveted the attention of the world, and made eloquent the pen of profane history, not one can surpass the wife of Odentes,—Zenobia, queen of Palmyra. She was the embodiment, in mental and physical gifts, of all that can make a woman admired and beloved. Devoted to literature and the culture of her own mind, under the classic tuition of the great philosopher, Longinus, she yet found time to share her husband's labors on the battlefield, and aid the business of the council hall. Upon the death of Odentes, she assumed the reins of government, and conducted with masculine power all the affairs of the nation. When the Roman Emperor Aurelian entered her dominion, she placed herself at the head of 700,000 men, and shared with the meanest soldier the hardships of the battlefield. She fought two pitched battles, and when driven by the superior cavalry tactics of Aurelian to retreat to her capital, she there made a most determined and spirited resistance. Aurelian, stung by the reproach of being kept so long at bay by a woman, wrote that memorable letter "to the Roman people," which alone should be sufficient testimony of Zenobia's military talents. He says: "They who speak with contempt of the war I am waging against a woman, are ignorant both of the character and power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations of stores, of arrows, and every species of missile weapons." Finding her conquest so difficult, the

emperor at length proposed advantageous terms, if she would surrender. But she resented the proposition as an insult, and replied in true Spartan spirit, "It is not by writing, but by arms, that the submission you require from me can be obtained. You have dared propose my surrender to your prowess. You forget that Cleopatra preferred death to servitude." But her brave spirit, after a long and fearless siege, was forced to yield, and her citadel fell into the hands of the enemy. Although she endeavored by flight to save herself from the humiliation of capture, she was, however, overtaken and brought to the camp of Aurelian. Her humiliation (to his disgrace) was made his greatest triumph. Apart from the loss of position and power, a mind so highly cultivated as was Zenobia's must have found ample resources as compensation for the empty honors she so heroically relinquished. Had the effulgent light of Christianity, which was then in its dawn, touched her soul, but little else could have been required for the perfection of her character. It seems strange that with her general learning, together with her acquaintance with the theological controversies of the period, that she could still have clung to the pantheistic philosophy of the day. This is the one blot that dims the lustre of her transcendent qualities.

The valorous intrepidity of Brunehaut, daughter of Athanagilda, king of the Visigoths, A.D. 565, when fighting against the nobles of Austrasia in behalf of her minor son, was subsequently marred by her cruel, vindictive, and irreligious conduct, toward both friend and foe.

More noble and admirable was the character of the Empress Matilda, the persecuted of Henry IV of Germany, and the friend and protégé of the great Pope Gregory VII. Although her life was one of constant inquietude, owing to the perpetual strife and petty warfare of her reign, which allowed but few opportunities for the development of her gentler qualities, yet in the masculine position assigned her by Providence, she displayed rare powers of government. She sustained a number of sieges, disciplined and manœuvred her army, and gained victories that were equal in glory to those acquired by the forces of her masculine competitors. Although Matilda has been the subject of divided opinion, yet her fame seems now established (vide Hallam), and has won even the inspired praise of Dante, whose proximity to her reign is entitled to great weight in a correct estimate of her character.

There is a refreshing loveliness in the career of the poor peasant maiden, Bona Lombardi. Her bright intellect and rare personal charms won the love and admiration of her simple-minded companions. A mere accident, one of those flashing meteors in the horizon of destiny, brought her under the notice of Captain Bruners, a Milanese soldier and gentleman; and loving her at first sight, he thought it no derogation of his dignity to make her his wife. To please the man she loved, she learned from him the duties of a soldier, accompanied him in battle, and fought by his side regardless of her own life. In an attack upon the castle of Provoze in Brescia (fourteenth century) her husband was taken prisoner. Driven to desperation by her grief, Bona resolved to attempt his rescue. Accordingly she rallied the routed forces, inspired them by a few words with courage, led them herself to the assault, took the castle, and liberated her husband and the other prisoners. This is one of the few instances wherein a woman can be genuinely ennobled, by thus stepping outside of the province to which her Maker assigned her. Besides, in those days of predatory warfare, a wife could only minister to the comfort of her husband by following him in such expeditions.

It is on record that in Beauvais, France, there is an annual procession on the 10th of July, in which the women march at the head. This concession is in compliment to the valor of those women, who, with Jean Foucquet as their leader, made an assault upon the Burgundians, who besieged her native place in 1470. When they attempted to plant their colors upon the walls, Jean drove them back with her battle-axe, and captured their flag, which memento she subsequently deposited in the cathedral. Louis XI recompensed her handsomely for her bravery, and ever after her descendants were held exempt from taxation.

Early in the fourteenth century, the attention of Europe was drawn to the remarkable character of Margaret, third daughter of Waldemar, king of Denmark. By a combination of political, legal, and commercial qualities, she made herself mistress of Sweden and Norway; and so successfully governed her kingdom, led her armies, and protected her castles and cities, that she won the title of Semiramis of the North, and thus verified the prediction made by her father when a child, that "nature had been deceived in forming her—instead of a woman she had made a hero."

During the fierce protracted strife between Guelph and Ghibelline, we find a parallel to Bona Lombardi in the person of Blanche de Rossi, wife of Battiste de la Porta of Padua. She accompanied her husband when sent to the defence of Bassana (1237), fought by his side, assisted in defending the walls of the city, and frequently relieved his aid-de-camp when exhausted by his arduous duties. When her brave husband was killed, she was tied with cords, and dragged before Ezzolino, the conqueror. Entranced by her beauty, he offered her liberty and wealth if she would accept his addresses. She indignantly resented the insult, and to escape the threatened fate, threw herself from a window, hoping to be killed; but her life being preserved, and finding herself again in his power, she simulated acquiescence to his proposals, on condition of being allowed to see once more the dead body of her husband. The request being complied with, no sooner was the stone of his sepulchre removed than she jumped into the grave, and with her own hands caused the stone to fall and crush her to death.

Hedwige, a Hungarian princess, elected to the crown of Poland when only eighteen, distinguished her reign by numerous charities, in founding hospitals, schools, and monasteries, besides devoting a large portion of her time and means to the progress of general education. At one time while her husband, Jagellon, grand duke of Lithuania, was fighting in his own province, the Hungarians invaded Poland, and captured many towns. She at once assembled the nobles and barons, gathered an army, and led it in person to the frontier, where, to the amazement of her generals, "she displayed the military talent and bravery of an old warrior. She directed the sieges, organized the rallies and attacks, and gave battle on the open ground, while the entire army obeyed her enthusiastically, proud to serve under a woman-general. She conquered the enemy at every encounter, wrested from them the important stronghold of Leopold, took other cities, and not only repossessed herself of the Russian territories usurped by the Hungarians, but also added to the kingdom of Poland a vast tract of country, which voluntarily surrendered to her rule."

We meet the women of *la belle France* more frequently in council and war than their more northern cousins. As early as the tenth century, Gerberge, wife of Louis IV, took the field, and although subsequently followed by others, yet no one seems to have been specially dis-

tinguished until Blanche of Castile, the lovely and accomplished wife of the saintly Louis IX, during his absence in Palestine, espoused the cause of her vassal, Thibault, Count of Champagne, against the rebellious barons. She headed her troops, and marched to the count's succor. In addition to the vaunted impregnability of the post, a winter of unparalleled severity set in, many men and horses perishing from the intensity of the cold. Throughout all disasters and trials, Blanche bestowed every attention on her soldiers, offering as an incentive for the campfires to be kept up, rewards for supplies of wood. She shared every hardship with her men, even to sleeping by the bivouac fires at night, and encouraging them by her presence and kind words during the day. At length, after two successful assaults, which dismantled the great tower of this ancient Malakoff, the Britons, with their English auxiliaries, were forced to surrender.

Equally distinguished, a century later, ranks Jane of Flanders, Countess of Montfort. During her husband's imprisonment in Paris, she assembled the people of Rennes, and eloquently urged them to fly to arms in behalf of herself and infant son, against her arrogant enemy, Charles de Blois The sympathies of her subjects being fully aroused, she determined to risk a siege in the fortress of Hennebonne, assuming herself the post of command. After a protracted and fearful struggle, during which the walls were breached, and her men terribly exhausted, she was prevailed upon by her barons to make terms of capitulation. While these measures were pending, in her despair she ascended a high tower overlooking the sea, with a last faint hope of seeing the ships so long looked for coming to her aid. As her anxious eyes scanned the horizon, she beheld in the distance a fleet of sail. In enthusiastic joy, she exclaimed: "Behold the succors! the English succors! No surrender!" The garrison thus inspired by this opportune arrival of the English forces, under Sir Walter Maury, sallied forth, attacked the besiegers, and completely routed them. Not content, however, with the foregoing evidence of the prowess of Jane, Charles de Blois subsequently invested the fortress of Roche de Rien, only, however, to be again outgeneralled by her strategy and mastered by her skill, falling also at this time a prisoner in her hands.

The life of Joan of Arc has been for so many ages the theme of the historian, and the inspiration of poet and painter, and its supernatural halo and wild romance have so enthralled the mind, that to enter into any details here of her character, would only be a repetition of what is already a familiar subject with the general reader. Whatever may be the opinion of the masses as to the motives of her conduct, from the day that the ignorant peasant maiden of Domremy declared herself the chosen companion of the celestial hierarchy, and the recipient of their heaven-voiced counsel, to the hour when she became the leader of her country's armies and the saviour of her king, there certainly can be no doubt as to the force of those convictions on her own simple mind. Imagination, unaided by some natural or occult power, could never have wrought that miraculous change in her nature which carried her at one bound from the simplicity and ignorance of a cattle-driver, to be the devisor and executrix of a system that proved the only means of relief for a country so divided by strife and faction as to paralyze the subtlest intellect and render impotent the strongest arms and bravest hearts. Neither superstition nor enthusiasm could endow her with the courage that so promptly met the attacks and defeated the machinations of her enemies, nor could they inspire her with the military skill and impetuous

bravery that led to such momentous results. The closest investigation of her own and subsequent times have signally failed to solve the secret of her recognition of Charles VII as he stood among the gentlemen of his court, without any insignia to mark his rank as superior to their own; and the discovery of the miraculous sword (vide Lamartine) is still buried in a mystery as profound as is the source from whence she derived her knowledge of its hiding-place. Not one iota of selfish ambition or feminine vanity can be alleged to tarnish the lustre of her fame. The wisdom of a sage, the courage of a Spartan, and the exalted religious enthusiasm of a martyr, characterized her military career from its inception to its harrowing close; and so long as war must continue to be waged as the arbiter of nations will the name and heroism of this unlettered maiden stand emblazoned on the larbarum of history as the synonym of all that is grand in patriotism, generous in conquest, and noble and glorious in the hour of death.

A victim to the same bigoted spirit to which Joan was sacrificed, was Donna Maria Pancheco (1521), wife of Don John de Padilla, a Castilian nobleman and head of the confederacy called the Holy Junta. She materially aided her husband to defeat his enemies. After he was taken prisoner and condemned to death, she so ably fortified and defended the city of Toledo, as to hold it invulnerable against the skill of her foes. Indeed, so magical seemed her power and influence that some of her enemies within the city attributed her successes to an evil spirit in the person of an innocent negro servant who attended her. This suggestion, influencing the superstitious minds of the people, induced them to take up arms against her, and driving her beyond the walls, they surrendered the fruit of her individual tact and bravery to the royalists.

A wonderful combination of womanly and masculine qualities meet in the life and career of Ellenore of Toledo. She married, in 1543, Cosmos I, a Medici. The name and date are sufficiently indicative of the constant hostility and bloody strife that characterized the factions of that period. In all terrible battles Ellenore was ever at her husband's side. One day, when riding with a bodyguard of only fifteen horsemen, she met Philip Strozzi, the leader of the hostile force, with a large retinue. With the impulsive *vim* of a woman, she attacked the band, and made Strozzi her prisoner. Under the dread of an ignominious death, which was the fate of those thus captured, the prince destroyed his own life. This tragedy made such an impression on the tender heart of Ellenore, that she prevailed upon her husband to abolish the barbarous custom. She also accompanied Cosmos in the war between Francis I and Charles V, and took part in the storming and capture of Sienna. After Pope Pius V promoted Cosmos to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, Ellenore devoted the rest of her life to the encouragement of education, a love of the fine arts, and the institution and endowment of houses of mercy and benevolence.

In the annals of extraordinary women, there is not one so remarkable in adventure, and so exceptionally unfeminine in manner of life, as Cattalina de Eranso, commonly known under the sobriquet of the *nun-lieutenant.*

Born in the city of Sebastian, in 1585, she was destined by her parents for a religious life, and was sent, when but four years old, to the care of an aunt, who was abbess of a Dominican convent. As years increased, a thorough distaste for a religious life manifested itself; and young as she then was, she felt that her true vocation directed to some active pursuit outside the convent walls. Rebellion against her fate

absorbed her thoughts, and determining to make her escape, she seized on the first opportunity presented. Being sent one day to the library for a book, seeing the keys of the gate hanging near at hand, she took possession of them, excused herself on plea of indisposition from the evening service, and thus in her own words spent the time so obtained: "I went out of the choir, took a light, went to the cell of my aunt, took scissors, needles and thread, and a little money." Making her way to the woods, she remained there three days, subsisting on roots and wild fruit, while she employed her time in transforming her skirts into male attire, and being thus equipped, at once entered the world as a *man*.

After filling a variety of positions, deceiving, by this metamorphosis, even her own father whom she met searching for her, she at length joined an expedition going to South America, and when there, entered the army, and soon distinguished herself by the most reckless and daring action. She frequently changed her name, but was ultimately best known, after being promoted to the rank of lieutenant, as Alonzo Dias. When off military duty, she associated with the most abandoned and reckless class of men, and followed their vile pursuits without any apparent compunctions of feeling. One of her favorite pastimes was to win the affections of some young girl, and when preparations for the marriage were completed, this simulated Lothario would invariably disappear from the scene. On one occasion having quarrelled in a gambling-house with a man of position in Chili, in the heat of anger, she killed him. To avoid the fury of the populace, she took refuge in "sanctuary." Remaining there eight months closely guarded, she determined to take the risks, and actually made a safe escape. To get out of the country, she was forced to make a journey over the ice and snow of the Andes, but was encouraged at the outset by meeting three outlaws, who, like herself, were fugitives from justice. They encountered the combined horrors of hunger, thirst, and paralyzing cold. Two of the men perished by the way, but Cattalina, yet undaunted by the accumulated horrors of the situation, still pressed on, but only to encounter new terrors. Just at the moment when her energies and hopes had reached their utmost tension, they were suddenly revived by seeing at a distance the figures of two human beings. She hastened toward them, but instead of finding succor and sympathy, only two stiff, frozen bodies met her horrified gaze. Still upheld by her superhuman energy, she pursued her way, and was at length rewarded by reaching Tucuman, where she was received with sympathy, and treated with great kindness and hospitality by the inhabitants. The old restless spirit, however, soon revived, and she resumed once again her wild military life, involving herself once more in quarrels and crime. Through one of these she was condemned to the gallows, but still preserved her incognito, and retained her firmness and composure to the last. When the executioner bungled in adjusting the rope, she lost her patience, and exclaimed: "Put it on right, or let me alone; this priest will do it better than you." Her former valorous deeds had won for her many friends, and she was rescued at the last moment, through their intercession, from a felon's death. In every trust reposed in her during her adventurous life as soldier, sailor, and even lawyer, she is said to have won distinction, and earned confidence by her remarkable abilities. She has been accused of every vice common to man, save one; her chastity was never impeached; hence, believing her to be what she seemed, she was a marvel to the licentious bands who in all else were her boon companions. Again, her crimes drove her to seek sanctuary in the

Church of Guamango, in Peru. The bishop considered it his duty to exhort her to repentance. So touching and affecting were his words, that her heart was moved, and falling upon her knees, she exclaimed, while genuine womanly tears choked her utterance: "Oh, father, I am a woman!" and then she confessed to him the particulars of her wild and wicked life. The heart of the good bishop was touched with pity and interest for this poor prodigal, whose life had been so cruelly wrenched from its natural harbor, and thus wrecked and lost. Discovering seeds of latent good yet worthy of development, he interested himself in her behalf, and obtained a pardon, together with permission for her to return to Spain. Her fame had preceded her, and during her travels she attracted much attention as an object of curiosity. It is said that Pope Urban VIII gave her permission to retain her male attire. According to some documents still preserved in a convent at Vera Cruz, she devoted the remainder of her life to commercial pursuits under the name of Antonio de Eranso. She wrote an autobiography, and it has been pronounced by Lamartine and other critics a model of pure Castilian and elegance of style. If it is possible that a human being can ever fall under the exclusive sway of evil spirits, this must have been one of such cases. All her bravery, her talent, and marvellous versatility of resources were totally eclipsed by the dark perversions of God's gifts, and in closing this strange sad record, one involuntarily whispers, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

It is somewhat of a coincidence that the city of Orleans, France, should twice have been taken by a woman. But its grotesque capture by Mademoiselle Montpensier* stands as the attendant comedy to the tragical drama so direful to Joan of Arc.

* Cousin of Louis XIV.

Yet another of the French Amazons, renowned for military genius, was Barbara of Erencourt. From her early childhood she was trained to the use of arms and all knightly accomplishments. When very young, she married the lord of St. Balmont, whom she tenderly loved, and during the thirty years' war in Germany, she defended his castle whilst he was in the field. She repulsed frequent attacks upon her stronghold, and even had the temerity to make sorties beyond the domain, capturing on these raids not only numbers of prisoners, but also valuable effects. She was as facile with the pen as the sword, and devoted her life, after peace was restored, to literature, in which she obtained some eminence. She died in 1660.

Near the altar in the chapel of Wardour Castle, England, is a monument with the name of Lady Blanche Arundel, which holds the following record: "This lady, as distinguished for her courage as for the splendor of her birth, bravely defended in the absence of her husband the castle of Wardour, with a spirit above her sex, for nine days, with a few men, against Sir Edward Hungerford, Edmund Ludlow, and their army, and then delivered it up on honorable terms. Obit, 28 Oct., 1649, ætat. 66."

But she "who stalks with Minerva's step, where Mars might fear to tread" was Agostina, Maid of Saragossa, and though among the last in date of our soldier heroines, yet ranks in womanly purity, heroic bravery, and fertility of resources in the hour of need, the equal of her predecessors. When Saragossa was besieged by the French, in 1808, when death and ruin hemmed the people in on all sides, at the culminating moment of despair, a woman scarcely emerged from her girlhood, suddenly appeared upon the ramparts. Neither coat of mail nor blazoned arms heralded her mission; but simply clothed in white, her only ornament a jet cross suspended from

her neck, her only power the supernatural light that burned in her large eyes, she appeared to the awestruck soldiers as she stepped among them, an angel of rescue, for whose aid their hearts had but a moment gone implored. To grasp the situation at a glance, to place herself where the stream of shell and fire fell fiercest, to send with her own hands an answering volley with the cry of "Death or liberty!" was but the work of a moment. During all the complicated horrors of the famous siege, Agostina retained a spirit of defiance and a nerve of steel. She ran from rank to rank, encouraging the men, and performing deeds of valor, unequalled even in that day of newborn heroes. When the corroding spectre of gaunt famine brought a double horror to the scene, Agostina moved among the suffering with unflagging zeal, binding up wounds, uttering a prayer of consolation in the ears of the dying, carrying succor to the sick and starving, and rescuing the disabled from the midst of the ruins of fallen houses. To the indomitable bravery of this girl, the people mainly owed their ultimate delivery from the bombshells of General Lefevre. When General Palafox assembled the decimated ranks of his gaunt and spectral garrison, all eyes instinctively turned toward Agostina. In a voice choked by emotion, he asked: "What honors could be commensurate with her deeds?" leaving her the privilege of choosing one or all; but this young girl, without rank or wealth, her only jewel the talismanic cross upon her bosom, only begged to be allowed to retain the rank of engineer, and the privilege of wearing the arms of Saragossa.

Not even the varied fields open to woman in our own country have succeeded in destroying her spirit for adventure. Those who can recall the early incidents connected with the opening of the Mexican war, will remember with what skilful tact and diplomacy Mrs. Ann Chase gained Tampico for the Americans, without shedding a drop of blood. Even our late war had its representative Clorindas in the Federal ranks, two of whom, Frances Hook, of Chicago, known in the ranks as "Frank Miller," and Elizabeth Price, of Cincinnati, have each left their record of deeds of daring upon the archives of those days.

Many other instances might be cited of women, who, like Armida, have sacrificed the gentler instincts of their sex to win honor and renown in these fields of "wild alarum." But although she has proved her hands as nimble with the sword as the distaff, and her nerves as steady under the cannon's roar as when wrapped in prayer, her soul vibrates in responsive unison to the organ's swell, and every instinct, every throbbing aspiration of the heart, proclaim that the tented field was never designed by her Creator as the sphere of her usefulness or fame. There are duties and scenes within the pale of her own home, that require a spirit quite as heroic to enforce that lesson of endurance which alone can win the crown of conquest. True, there are women, whose lives, like sundials, reflect only the golden sheen of time; but there are others—the majority—who sit ever under the shadow of the mount of desolation, wearing thorn crowns of endless sorrow or pain; who can neither look backward without seeing a mound of buried joys, nor forward without encountering an avalanche of appalling, wearisome duties, and urgent demands upon limited time and wasted strength. The heroism evinced by Mary, Queen of Scots (or Marie Antoinette), through that protracted weary captivity, culminating in a nimbus of glory in her cruel death, far surpasses in moral heroism the brave endurance of the soldier, who is nerved by the flash of scimetar or boom of cannon into

oblivion of all personal danger. The Sister of Charity equals the courage of a Bayard, when she steps from a home of luxury, with all the natural shrinking from the contamination of loathsome objects still strong upon her, yet in obedience to her vow of self-abnegation, takes her place by some wretched, cancerous outcast of the human pale, nurses him through all the multiform phases of disease, keeping her post unfalteringly until death closes the scene. Such a woman earns and wears a badge of knighthood far beyond the power of man to bestow. Yes, there are battles fought hourly by numberless firesides, with struggles as fierce and anguish as keen as ever met contending armies; and there are victories won through the force of moral heroism alone, as sublime and enduring in results as ever crowned or dethroned a king. These are the deathless laurels—the wreath perennial, that neither time can fade nor atmosphere blight—the one imperishable crown for which *woman* should alone contend. And she who keeps herself thus untainted of the world's grosser elements, and ennobles the trust committed to her by God in the sphere to which she has been called—she indeed wins and wears the crown of the "*valiant woman.*" "*And the price of her is as things brought from afar off, and from the remotest coasts. The heart of her husband trusteth her, and he shall have no need of spoils.*"—Prov., chap. xxxi.

New Orleans.

THE APPARITION OF MONSIEUR BODRY.

I.

A little over one hundred years ago, there lived in Paris, in the Rue Saint Martin, a rich silk merchant named Gombert. He was about sixty years of age, a widower, with an only child, a beautiful girl of nineteen, who was no less admired for her personal attractions than for the handsome fortune which she was likely one day to inherit. Madeleine Gombert was, indeed, the great match of the quarter in which the silk merchant dwelt, and if she did not marry, it was not certainly for want of suitors.

Of course, it was never intended by nature or custom, by Madeleine Gombert or her father, that the possessor of so much beauty and the heiress of so much wealth should go to the grave unwed. Her marriage had, in fact, been a thing decided on, after the usual French mode of that time—where there was anything to marry for—while she was yet a child. The business of the silk merchant of the Rue Saint Martin had thrown him in very close relations with a rich manufacturer of the city of Lyons, of the name of Bodry. As the connection increased, the desire arose on each side to cement it by the union of the two families. Monsieur Bodry had an only son, Monsieur Gombert an only daughter. Could anything be more natural than a compact between two capitalists, the terms of which should be, that Monsieur Bodry's son should marry Monsieur Gombert's daughter?

Although the proposed marriage of Henri Bodry and Madeleine Gombert was an arrangement of ten years' standing between their parents, which needed no consent on the part of the contracting parties,

still, with the view of making them acquainted, Monsieur Bodry one fine morning consented to the request of his son, that he might go to Paris to see his betrothed, a few months before he came of age; on which occasion the nuptials were to take place. The young man felt, without doubt, a certain degree of curiosity respecting the person who was destined to be his partner for life; but—if the truth must be told—he was, though of feeble constitution and uncertain health, extremely fond of pleasure. Then, as now, Paris was the focus of enjoyment, and to have his full swing of the capital before he settled down for good was the thing of all others which the young Lyonnese most ardently desired. Supplied, then, with a full purse and the letter of introduction to Monsieur Gombert, which constituted his sole credentials, Henri Bodry set out from his native city, about the latter end of November, in the year seventeen hundred and fifty-seven.

A hundred years ago, the journey from Lyons to Paris was an affair of time. Ordinary travellers usually went by roulage, and consumed nearly twenty days on the road; but the wealthier middle classes aspired to the coche, a lumbering carriage without springs, nearly as heavy and almost as slow as the public wagon, but infinitely more genteel. As the roulier did not comport with the dignity of Henri Bodry, he took the coche. In those days of rare intercourse between places separated by any great distance, it seldom happened that the traveller, who was going all the way, met with a companion similarly intentioned. For the most part people descended at intermediate towns, where others supplied their places; but it not infrequently chanced that a dreary blank with no new faces intervened, creating that worst of all sensations a Frenchman can experience, the intolerable ennui of having nobody to talk to.

Henri Bodry's prospect at starting was of the latter cheerless character; for, after passing Trevoux, he found himself the sole occupant of the coche, and this irksome solitude lasted until he reached the ancient city of Mâcon. The coche, as soon as it was dark, put up for the night at the auberge called The Cross of Burgundy, and in a large room, containing four beds, the usual complement at that time, Henri was left to sup and sleep, and make it out how he might until eight o'clock on the following morning, when the vehicle would be once more in motion.

With a long November evening before him, the prospect was not a pleasant one; but, while he was waiting for his promised supper, a stranger entered the apartment, dressed as if for a journey, and carrying a small valise in his hand. He was a young man, apparently about the same age as Bodry, good-looking, and of a cheerful, pleasant countenance. After bestowing a glance on the occupant of the chamber, the stranger looked about him, as if to see which bed was unoccupied, and then took possession of one of them by throwing his cloak, hat, and valise upon it. This act of appropriation performed, he approached the table where Bodry sat, and, without any preamble, asked him if he was travelling, and which way he was going. With the frankness of his age, Henri at once told him his destination, at which the newcomer expressed great satisfaction, he being also bound for Paris, and, as freely as he had inquired, went on to say that he had come some distance across the country, was very cold and hungry, and if Monsieur had not already eaten his supper, would be most happy in being permitted to share that meal with him. Bodry was delighted to have a companion so agreeable, and acquiesced in the proposal most readily; the supper was soon served,

and over a bottle of Moulin à Vent, the wine for which Mâcon is still so famous, the young men rapidly made acquaintance. At twenty years of age, there are no reserves; Bodry entered into his affairs without the slightest concealment, described his position, stated the object of his journey, and fairly acknowledged, in reply to a laughing question from the other, that he had no great vocation for his impending marriage.

In return for this confession, the stranger said, his name also was Henri—Henri Blaireau—the son of an avocat at Bourg-en-Bresse; that he was not overburdened with money, but hoped to acquire it by following his father's profession, after he had studied enough law at the college in the Rue St. Jean de Beauvais. As to the law itself, it was not his choice; he would rather have spent a fortune, than be at the trouble of making one—but what would you have?

The intimacy which thus sprang up between the travellers was not diminished by the time they reached Paris. On the contrary, it had grown into a strong friendship. Their habits and tastes were so closely allied, that what the one proposed, the other was sure to agree to.

Amongst the subjects which engaged them during the latter part of their journey was the question where they should lodge on their arrival in the capital. Bodry knew nothing of Paris, and therefore made no objection to the Quartier Latin when it was proposed by Blaireau; so they went to the Ecu d'Argent, in the Rue des Carmes—an auberge which the latter had heard his father praise, when slightly in his cups, as being the only place in Paris for drinking Vin de Beaune. It was not a fashionable part of the town, but the college was near and the residence of Monsieur Gombert not remote.

Notwithstanding this proximity, it seemed that neither love nor law was meant to be the first consideration with Messieurs Bodry and Blaireau. Together they saw the Marionettes on the Boulevard du Temple; together they dined at the Moulin de Janelle, the most celebrated of all the extra-mural taverns of Paris; together they went everywhere, in short, except to the College of Law and church of Saint Merri.

One evening, when they were returning home, accident led them through the Rue Saint Martin, and a qualm of conscience came over Bodry when he remembered that he had been already three weeks in the capital without delivering his letter of introduction or making any inquiries after Monsieur Gombert and Mademoiselle Madeleine. A qualm of conscience sometimes arises from a physical cause. Henri Bodry was a little out of sorts, and proposed—like a certain gentleman when he fell sick—to do something extraordinary by way of amendment. When he reached the Ecu d'Argent, however, he felt so much worse that he went directly to bed; in the course of the night he was seized with a violent fever, and, though it in some degree abated on the following morning, he remained very ill. Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention of Henri Blaireau. He sat by his friend's bedside all night, ministered to all his wants, soothed him by his care and encouraged him by his conversation.

Bodry's discourse turned chiefly on what was uppermost in his mind at the moment of his seizure; and his desire to make the long-neglected visit was increased by a letter which arrived from Lyons, asking him many questions respecting the silk merchant's family. But it was in vain he strove to rise; the fever still held him in thrall; yet, in the perversity of his malady, he persisted in declaring that the visit must immediately be paid. Henri Blaireau urged that Monsieur Gombert was not aware of his being in Paris, with

various other arguments, and concluded by saying, that if his friend desired it, he would go to the Rue Saint Martin and explain the circumstances of the case.

This last suggestion operated singularly on the mind of the feverish invalid. Yes! Blaireau should go as he proposed; but he must not say a word about his illness, he must present himself as the real Bodry—keep Blaireau entirely out of sight—and by and by, when he was able to appear in person, they might make merry over the joke and laugh it entirely away. Blaireau combated this proposition at first; but, finding that his objections only increased his friend's nervous irritability, he consented.

His task was not a difficult one, for Monsieur Gombert knew very little of his correspondent's domestic affairs, and nothing personally of his future son-in-law. The worthy silk-merchant embraced his visitor with all the effusion which the approaching connection seemed to warrant, and met with a demonstration no less cordial. It was in Monsieur Gombert's counting-house that the greeting took place, but, the greeting over, the scene was changed to an inner apartment, where Madeleine with her bonne, who had nursed her from her cradle, was occupied with her embroidery. A feeling almost akin to envy was Blaireau's first sensation on seeing the beautiful girl to whom Bodry was bethrothed, but it lasted only a moment, being quickly superseded by the pleasure he experienced in looking at, and conversing with her. At the end of a couple of hours he found himself head over ears in love. On the other hand, the impression which he appeared to have made on Monsieur Gombert and his daughter, and on the old nurse, who had a voice in everything, was all he could have desired, provided always that he had been Henri Bodry, and not his temporary substitute.

Unwillingly, at last, he rose to take his departure, and lingered as he pressed the hand of Madeleine Gombert, which was not, he fancied, too suddenly withdrawn; neither did the expression of her countenance convey the idea that he would not be welcome when he renewed his visit. All this was consistent enough with the relation in which Henri Bodry stood towards the family Gombert; but, somehow or other, Blaireau could not divest himself of the notion—which ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred would have entertained—that no small share of the reception accorded to him was a tribute to his own personal qualities.

On his return to the Rue des Carmes, he found Henri Bodry much worse. A physician was sent for; Blaireau was unremitting in his attention, but the fever increased alarmingly, and as the evening drew on, he began to fear for his friend's life. At Bodry's request, Blaireau related to him all the particulars of the interview in the Rue Saint Martin, and the subject still engrossed the mind of the sick young man, to the exclusion of every other. Even when conscious of his own danger, he still continued the theme.

"I have often been ill," he said, "but never felt before as I feel now. Should I die, Henri Blaireau, promise me here, that you will still be Henri Bodry. Think what a desolation it would be to Monsieur Gombert and Madeleine to be told of my death! Marry her, for my sake; then, I shall feel that I have done my duty in giving her the husband she expected. No, no, I am not light-headed, I know very well what I say. Unless you promise this, I cannot die content."

Blaireau felt convinced that his friend's mind was wandering, but to keep him quiet, he again promised all that was required. For half an hour Bodry remained silent, and his anxious attendant believed he slept; but suddenly he rose up in bed, and

a distressing change was apparent; his breathing came short and thick, his voice was faint and low, the hand of death was evidently upon him. Grasping Blaireau's arm convulsively, as if striving to draw him closer, he feebly whispered the word "Remember!" and then fell back dead.

II.

It was ten o'clock at night, and Monsieur Gombert was alone in his counting-house. Everything was silent in the apartment but the ticking of one of those large clocks, white-faced, blue-figured, and highly bedizened with gilding, which we call of the age of Louis Quatorze, though they belong to the time of his great-grandson. That clock had just struck ten, and the last stroke had hardly ceased to vibrate when Monsieur Gombert, who happened to raise his head, became aware of some one who was standing near the door. He had not heard anybody enter, perhaps because he had been absorbed in his accounts, and his astonishment—not unmixed with fear, for he was of a nervous and timid nature—was very great.

"Who is there?" he asked with hesitation. "Is that—you—Jacques?"

Jacques was Monsieur Gombert's confidential clerk; but no Jacques replied, and the silk merchant remained speechless, with his eyes still fixed on the figure, which now slowly advanced a few steps, and, as it seemed to him, without noise. As the figure drew nearer, though the light from his solitary candle was very dim, Monsieur Gombert perceived a pale, hollow face, which wore an expression of great anxiety; the eyes were wide open and glittered exceedingly, and a quantity of dark hair streamed wildly. Monsieur Gombert gasped for utterance, but it was denied him. The appearance came nearer still, and then Monsieur Gombert imagined—but doubted, notwithstanding—that he recognized features he had lately seen. This supposition gave him a glimmer of courage.

"My friend," he said, "what brings you here at this hour?"

"Death!" answered the figure, in a deep, sepulchral voice.

"How! Death! Has any misfortune arrived?"

"The greatest that can happen to man. Henri Bodry died an hour ago. I come to invite you to his funeral?"

"You! you! But you are Henri Bodry!"

"I was—this morning!"

"Ah! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the merchant, and fell senseless from his stool.

At his outcry and the noise he made in falling, Madeleine and old Petronille, the bonne, who were at work in the next room, rushed into the counting-house. They supposed Monsieur Gombert was in a fit, and hastily applied such remedies as they could devise. After a few minutes the silk merchant opened his eyes.

"Where is he?" he said, looking round with horror.

"Who, sir?" asked Madeleine. "What do you mean?"

"Who?" he repeated slowly, again looking round him. "Who? Henry Bodry. He was here this moment."

"Impossible, sir!" said Petronille. "You were alone when we came, which we did on the instant you called out. There was not the shadow of a person in the room."

"The shadow!" returned Monsieur Gombert. "Ah, that is it. The shadow. It was no living being."

"I beseech you, my father," said Madeleine, "to tell us what is the matter. You look ill and frightened."

"I have reason to be so," replied Monsieur Gombert. "I have seen a spirit."

He then, as collectedly as he could, related what had occurred.

"This is a fancy," said Madeleine. Monsieur Gombert shook his head.

"A dream," observed Petronille. "You supped well on that famous goose of Alencon—you had more than one glass of Burgundy, in honor of Monsieur Bodry"—the silk merchant shivered—"over your books after supper, a wrong time, you became sleepy, an indigestion arrived—there!"

Ingenious reasoning, but not satisfactory to Monsieur Gombert.

"I saw him," he persisted, "as distinctly as I see either of you. It was the face of a dead man. He invited me to his funeral."

These words and the earnestness with which Monsieur Gombert spoke infected Madeleine and Petronille with some of his own fear: they also looked timidly about them, dreading to behold some hideous apparition.

Mademoiselle Gombert was the first to regain her presence of mind.

"Let somebody be sent at once to ask news of him."

This suggestion was immediately adopted. Jacques, the confidential clerk, who lived in the house with the rest, was thought the most proper person to employ; and, without being made aware of the motive which had led to his errand, was directed to ask if Monsieur Henri Bodry could come and see Monsieur Gombert directly. In less than half an hour he returned, with a countenance much discomposed.

"Sir," said he, to Monsieur Gombert, "I bring you very sad tidings. The young gentleman who came here only this morning so full of life and spirits, died about an hour ago!"

Madeleine Gombert was thunderstruck. She could scarcely believe her ears. But it was more than astonishment. There was a pang at her heart. That fine, handsome young man, who had so much interested her!

Monsieur Gombert felt very ill, and went at once to bed. Old Petronille and his daughter keeping watch beside him.

So much affected, indeed, was the honest silk merchant by the sudden death of his correspondent's son, that he did not get the better of the shock for several days. To attend Henri Bodry's funeral was entirely out of the question; and the knowledge that it had taken place while he was confined to his room materially contributed to his recovery.

"Once fairly underground," thought Monsieur Gombert, "he is not so likely to pay me another visit, unless—unless"—and this doubt harassed him sorely, "unless he is vexed at my not having complied with his wishes."

As for Madeleine, poor girl, she talked over the sad event with old Petronille: it was the only consolation she could find for the loss of her lover. She also sought comfort in devotion, and instead of going now and then when the day was fine, went regularly morning and evening to the church of Saint Merri.

III.

In the meanwhile Henri Blaireau had paid the last offices to his friend in the Cemetery of the Innocents—at that time the place of burial for half the people of Paris—and had written an account of his untimely death to the elder Bodry at Lyons, informing him that all his son's effects were under seal. These pious duties performed, he directed his thoughts to what concerned himself. But he found the study of the law much more distasteful to him now than it had even been before. In vain he pored over Pandects and delved into Digests; nothing came of it; one object always kept floating between his eyes and the page, which neutralized all his toil; and that object was the smiling face of Madeleine Gombert.

"How unfortunate," he constantly reflected, "that I should have presented myself in the name of another

man! She had never seen Henri Bodry—not even friendship subsisted between them; her regret, if she feels any, must all be on my account, and I—unhappy wretch that I am!—I have made myself my own rival! If Monsieur Gombert had accepted the invitation to the funeral, I could then have explained my poor friend's caprice, but to attempt to do so now would expose me to I know not what odious accusations."

This hourly Jeremiad made him, of course, much less of a lawyer and much more of a lover than ever, and it always ended in his throwing aside his books and wandering forth to the Rue St. Martin.

One rainy evening, weary of pacing up and down the dark, damp street, without any reward, he stood up for shelter in the porch of Saint Merri. The Vesper service was going on, and, thinking the inside of the church more comfortable than the outside, Henri Blaireau pushed open the little baize door and entered. The interior was nearly as obscure as the street he had left, for Saint Merri is a large church, and was very dimly lighted. The congregation, as thin as it generally is at Vespers on a raw, foggy, wet winter's evening, seemed to consist of only a few old women, and Henri roamed undisturbed through the aisles, thinking, as usual, of Madeleine Gombert. He had twice crossed the small lateral chapel which stands on the south side of the building without noticing that any one was there; but, the third time he passed, his attention was attracted by a female figure kneeling before an altar dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Something besides curiosity prompted him to stop and gaze. He did more than stop; he drew nearer, placing himself discreetly behind a massive pillar, the better to obtain a view of her face. For some time she remained absorbed in prayer. At length she raised her head, and the lamp above the image of Our Lady shedding its rays full on the worshipper, revealed to him the features of Madeleine Gombert. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, at which Madeleine's eyes turned in the direction from whence the sound proceeded; but she soon withdrew them, unable, apparently, to penetrate the gloom. Once more she prayed, and Henri felt an almost irresistible longing to cast himself on his knees before the same altar and pray there, too. But the fear of disturbing her made him pause, and while he hesitated she rose. She did not perceive that she was not alone in the chapel, and came up to the spot where he stood. He put out his hand and caught her by the sleeve. She turned quickly, and, lighted by the altar lamp, beheld, close to her, the countenance of the man for the repose of whose soul she had just been praying. The sight was enough to startle the strongest nerves. "Heaven! Monsieur Henri!" she cried. "Save me, Mother of Grace!" and as fast as her feet could carry her she rushed to the chancel door.

To run after her was Henri Blaireau's first impulse, but remembering for the first time what was due to the proprieties of a church, desisted from further pursuit. Once outside, he quickened his steps; but all his haste was vain: he only arrived within sight of Monsieur Gombert's door to see the skirt of Madeleine's garment disappear as the portal was closed.

Could he not find a lodging in the Rue St. Martin? could he not find a lodging in the very house where Monsieur Gombert dwelt?

He resolved to return next day and see about it. Fortune might be more propitious the next time he encountered the beautiful Madeleine; at all events, he would enjoy the melancholy pleasure—this is the way a lover always puts it—of seeing the object of his affections, even if he were himself unseen.

Mademoiselle Gombert said nothing to her father about her fright in

the church of St. Merri, but she made a confidante of Petronille. The old bonne crossed herself on hearing the fearful tale, and asked a great many questions. In what form did the apparition present itself—did it wear a shroud—was it very pale—did it speak—had it a smell of sulphur? All that Madeleine could say in reply was, that the spirit appeared to her to be dressed in the usual male costume, and looked exactly like Monsieur Henri Bodry.

IV.

THE next morning, in order the better to execute his project unobserved, Henri Blaireau set off to the Rue de la Grande Friperie, where he bought at one of the numerous secondhand shops in that useful quarter, a three-cornered military hat, and a long, gray, dragoon cloak, which last, though it had seen at least twenty years' service, was declared by the conscientious merchant who sold it to be better than new. Wrapping himself closely in his dragoon's costume, he then proceeded to the Rue Saint Martin, and carefully reconnoitred Monsieur Gombert's house once more. Daylight enabled him to discover what had been hidden by the darkness of night, the very thing he desired: on one of the doorposts of the open gateway was an écriteau announcing that a garni, or furnished room, was to be let, application to be made to the concierge. It was not on the ground floor, for these were the silk merchant's warerooms; neither was it on the first floor (the house had no entresol), for there were located Monsieur Gombert and his family; neither was it on the third floor—but without stopping at every landing-place, let us climb at once to the top of the staircase, open the door of a chamber, familiarly termed a mansard or garret, and there we have the joli apartement, bien meublé, as the concierge poetically described it. What furnished it well, consisted of a truckle bed without hangings, two rickety chairs, and a still more rickety table; what made it handsome was, perhaps, the flooring of red tiles, which, in spite of their color, did not make the room look warm. It was, in short, a wretched hole, and Henri Blaireau shivered as he cast his eyes round it, but then he was under the same roof with the maid he loved, and that reconciled him, of course, to its wretchedness. He returned to the Ecu d'Argent, settled his account, and loading an Auvergnat with his own and his deceased friend's trunks—a weight which the strongest mule might well have refused to carry—finally installed himself in his delectable abode.

But there was one obstacle to complete concealment which no precaution could overcome. If there be any particular spot on the face of the globe where gossip holds its headquarters it is in a Paris porter's lodge, and this was equally the fact in the reign of Louis XV, as it was in the reign of Napoleon III. The occupants of the lodge at Monsieur Gombert's were Pierre and Phrosine, an elderly couple, whose surname was Le Poucheux: the former had been for many years a soldier, the latter everything in the menial line, and their marriage had been as much an affaire de convenance as if his father had called himself De Rohan and hers De Montmorency. Gossip was the staple of their intellectual existence, and though there did not appear to be much food for it in so simple a circumstance as the hiring of a garret at ten livres a quarter, yet the military externals of the new lodger had fixed the attention of Monsieur Pierre, whose scrutiny inclined him to think that the dress and its wearer did not altogether correspond; so much baggage, too, was incompatible with the condition of a person who took up his lodging under the eaves; and, finally, Madame Phrosine had taken particular

notice of very white hands, very bright eyes, and a very handsome face, as far as the cocked hat and the cape of the cloak allowed them to be visible.

The greatest ally of Monsieur and Madame Le Poucheux was, naturally, Madame Petronille (they never failed to salute each other with the prefix which I have adopted), and to her they imparted the news of the stranger's arrival, accompanied by their own enlightened commentaries. Gossip is the mother of a great many children, and her eldest born is Curiosity. The old bonne became curious about the mysterious dragoon, and it was not long before her curiosity was shared by Mademoiselle Gombert. To have a peep at him, on the first opportunity, was Petronille's expressed intention.

For the first hour or two after he was established in his new quarters, Henri Blaireau found occupation enough in trying to make it look more habitable; but when this process was at an end, and he found that, stretch his neck as he might from his solitary window (which only overlooked a courtyard), he could see nothing of the apartment in which Mademoiselle Gombert resided, he began to get very impatient of confinement, and yearned to approach her more nearly. But to leave his room in broad daylight would be to court unnecessary observation, so he waited till it was dusk before he issued from his den. Then, wearing the attire on which he counted for disguise, in the event of his meeting Monsieur Gombert, he slowly descended the staircase, lingering at every step as he drew near the first floor. He had arrived at the last turning when he observed some one standing in the doorway of Monsieur Gombert's suite of rooms. There was just light enough for him to see that it was a woman; his heart at once told him who it was, and, clearing the flight at a bound, he stood before her. She did not alter her position, but remained behind the shadow of the door. He was encouraged to speak, and after the ceremonious fashion of his time and nation, took off his hat as he did so; scarcely had he uttered a word before a violent scream saluted him, the door was slammed in his face, and he heard the cry of "Murder!" vociferated within, in the shrillest of female tones.

He rushed down stairs, and, the porte cochère being not yet closed, reached the street without detention.

Petronille, for she it was who had been lying in ambush, continued to exercise her lungs, as she floundered on the parquet, without daring to lift her head, until she brought round her the whole of Monsieur Gombert's household, with the exception of Madeleine, who, more piously disposed than ever, had gone again to Vesper service in the church of Saint Merri.

"But what is the matter, my poor Petronille?" said Monsieur Gombert, as they raised the old woman, and conducted her into an inner room.

"Oh, sir, sir!" replied, with hysterical effort; "I have seen him—I—myself!"

"Seen whom, Petronille?" asked the silk-merchant, tremulously.

"Fresh from the grave, in his winding-sheet,—with eyes like burning charcoal!"

Monsieur Gombert groaned instinctively, and did not repeat his question; Jacques, the clerk, Marie, the cook, and Felicité, the fille-de-chambre, were, however, clamorous to hear all.

"But tell us, Petronille, for the love of heaven!"

"One, two, three,—as slowly as the clock strikes, I heard him descending the staircase, just as I was holding the door in my hand, after letting out Mademoiselle, when she went to vespers. How can I tell why I waited to see who might be coming? These things are fate! Suddenly, before I knew what had happened,

he stood within a yard of me. I might have touched him. Then I saw his face! The face of the young gentleman from Lyons, who died last week at the Ecu d'Argent, in the Rue des Carmes. The face of Monsieur Bodry!"

Monsieur Gombert dropped into a chair, unable to utter a word; consternation was depicted on every countenance; and a loud knocking was heard at the outer door.

Everybody (Monsieur Gombert only excepted) screamed again; and Pierre, the concierge, came in, amazed, removing from his head a little skull-cap, made of carpet.

"Monsieur Pierre," shrieked Petronille, "I have seen a ghost!"

"Bah!" replied Pierre, "I've seen five thousand. A ghost and a dead man are much the same thing, I imagine. When one sleeps on the field of battle, one sees plenty of ghosts."

"Ah, but they don't walk, Pierre, those dead people," replied Petronille.

"Very odd, if they did," said Pierre, "when their legs are shot away."

The obstinacy of the old soldier did more to recover Petronille than even his corporeal presence, and with as much emphasis, but more circumstance, she repeated her adventure. Still Pierre shook his head.

"But Monsieur Gombert," continued the bonne, "has been visited by the same ghost. It is the ghost of a young man! He came to him an hour after his death. And what will you say, when I tell you,—my duty now compels me to reveal it,—that Mademoiselle Gombert, in her turn, has seen the spirit? No later than yesterday evening it appeared to her in the church of Saint Merri. On that account, she has gone again to-night, to consult Monsieur le Curé."

"What is that you say?" cried Monsieur Gombert. "Oh, my good friend Pierre, run to the church and bid her return instantly! Also, ask Monsieur le Curé to come as soon as the service is over."

The concierge no longer presumed openly to deny what was affirmed on so much higher authority, but he obeyed Monsieur Gombert's orders, and set off at once.

V.

When Henri Blaireau got into the street, he was at a loss what to do next. One set of inclinations prompted him to go and get some dinner; another set of inclinations—loftier, nobler, together more becoming a lover—led him to follow the route which Mademoiselle Gombert had just taken.

Accordingly, he also bent his footsteps to the church of Saint Merri. Arrived there, he made no pause in the porch, lingered not an instant in the nave, but plunging into the south aisle, steered his way softly through the labyrinth of piled-up chairs, till he came to the chapel of the Virgin. What was his delight, as he cautiously peeped from behind the pillar where he had stood the evening before, when, in the same attitude and in front of the same altar, he beheld Mademoiselle Gombert!

Experience had taught him wisdom. His unlucky features, he resolved, should not get him into a scrape again. He advanced, therefore, at a quick step to another altar, covered his face with both hands, knelt, and began to pray with great fervor.

Presently Madeleine rose to her feet, and moved from the chapel, but she was overtaken by Henri Blaireau before she had gone many steps.

"Mademoiselle Gombert!" and before she could recover from her astonishment, he added:

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle; but in me you behold the person who, last night, unhappily caused you trouble."

"Can it be?" she said, faintly.

"Do the dead really return to this world?"

"Not the dead," said Henri, seizing her hand; "not the dead, but the living."

Madeleine's senses could not resist the fact of a human hand being clasped in hers,—a hand warm as her own. The voice, too, that breathed in her ear had no sepulchral tone.

"If not the dead, who and what are you? The face I saw was that of Henri Bodry."

"Mademoiselle, forgive a deception which was not premeditated,—nay, was almost involuntary. Henri Bodry is, indeed, no more; but I am not Henri Bodry. O, you will pardon me, Mademoiselle Gombert, when you have heard my story."

There was something so persuasive in his manner, that Madeleine was induced to listen. He was not a good common-lawyer, but he was an excellent special pleader. Is it necessary, then, to add that his suit was not unprosperous.

"There is," said a rough but cheery sort of voice close behind them—the voice of Pierre the old concierge, carpet-cap in hand, and on the broad grin—"I don't know what to do at home, ma'msell'. Madame Petronille has been in fits, and everybody is distracted at having seen a ghost. I'm afraid," he added, turning to Henri, "I'm afraid it was yours, Monsieur."

The stir at Monsieur Gombert's house had scarcely subsided, when Madeleine entered.

"Father!" she cried, running into his arms, "I grieve for your distress—for poor Petronille's—but there is one behind me (do not be alarmed at a mere personal resemblance) who can explain all."

About a quarter of an hour afterwards, the curé of Saint Merri was announced.

Monsieur Gombert went with a smiling air to meet him.

"I don't know," he said, "what you will think of my dilemma. I sent for your spiritual aid; but instead of an exorcism, I think I will, upon the whole, ask you to have the kindness to bestow a blessing!"

THE GULF STREAM.

It is a singular fact, that two of the most important of the industrial arts—the extraction of food from the soil and the transportation of commodities to and from distant regions—have, from time immemorial, been the occupations of the most ignorant and prejudiced classes of mankind. The sailor, who witnessed the wonders of the great deep, was as little impressed by its marvellous phenomena as the ploughman, who, amidst the wonderful and mysterious processes of vegetation, whistled as he went, for want of thought. The boon which astronomy conferred upon the navigator may be compared to that which chemistry subsequently afforded to the agriculturist. Yet neither was sufficient. Vegetable physiology next aided the tiller of the soil; but the plougher of the deep, ignorant of its prevailing winds and currents, still empirically followed the devious tracks of the old voyagers. At length Lieutenant Maury, of the United States navy, by collecting and collating an immense number of journals and log-books, was enabled to produce the *Wind and Current Charts*, that have caused so marked a progress in the art of navigation. From these charts, in their turn, Lieutenant Maury has

written the first *Physical Geography of the Sea*. The aim of this work is, as the author tells us, "to present the gleanings from this new field in a manner that may be interesting and instructive to all, whether old or young, ashore or afloat, who desire a closer look into the wonders of the great deep." Gleaning principally from this most industrious of gleaners in the wide field of science, let us attempt to describe one of the most remarkable of all known oceanic phenomena — the mighty current which ceaselessly flows from west to east, across the bosom of the North Atlantic. The fountain-head of this ocean river, as it may well be termed, is in the Gulf of Mexico. From thence, it flows northeasterly along the shores of the United States, until it reaches the banks of Newfoundland; then stretches across the Atlantic to the British islands, where it divides into two parts—one flowing northward to the Arctic Sea, the other southward to the Azores. In the whole world, there is not so majestic a flow of water as this ocean river. Its current is more rapid than the Amazon or the Mississippi. In the severest droughts, it never fails; in the greatest floods, it never overflows. Though its banks and bed consist of cold water, yet the river itself is warm; and so great is the want of affinity between these waters, so reluctant are they to mingle with each other, that their line of junction is often distinctly visible to the eye; one half of a ship may frequently be perceived floating in the cold ocean-water, the other half in this warm current, known to mariners and geographers as the Gulf Stream.

Long before the discovery of America, the Gulf Stream, by carrying nuts, bamboos, and artificially carved pieces of wood to the shores of Europe, indicated the existence of a western continent. Columbus himself was told by a settler in the Azores, that even strange boats had been seen, constructed so that they could not sink, and managed by broad-faced men of foreign appearance. Without doubt, these men were Esquimaux Indians. Wallace, in his *Account of the Islands of Orkney*, tells us that, in 1682, an Esquimaux was seen in his canoe off the south side of the island of Edda by many persons, who could not succeed in reaching him; and another was seen, in 1684, off the island of Westram. Moreover, he says, "be the seas never so boisterous, these boats, being made of fish-skins, are so contrived that they can never sink, but are like sea-gulls swimming on the top of the water." Two more of these current-drifted canoes were subsequently found on the shores of the Orkneys; one was sent to Edinburgh, the other hung up in the church of Burra.

As if determined to make its course and existence known to the most unobservant, the Gulf Stream carried the main-mast of the English ship "Tilbury," that was destroyed by fire off the coast of St. Domingo, during the Seven Years' War, to the coast of Scotland. But, again, it carried to Scotland a number of casks of palm oil, that were recognized, by their marks and brands, to be part of the cargo of the ship that had been wrecked near Cape Lopez, in Africa. How could this last remarkable drift come to pass? Simply thus: The Gulf Stream, which we have compared to a river, is in reality a part of a great system of oceanic circulation. The branch that, as we have said, turns off from the British islands, southwards to the Azores, joins the great equatorial current, which, flowing to the westward from the coast of Africa, enters the Caribbean Sea, and emerges from the Straits of Florida as the Gulf Stream. The casks of palm oil, then, had twice traversed the Atlantic—first from east to west, in the equatorial current, and secondly, from west to east, in the Gulf Stream—before they found a resting-place on the coast of Scotland.

To compare small things with great: if we were to place little pieces of cork, chaff, or other light bodies, in a basin of water, and give the water a circular motion, the light substances would crowd together in the centre, where there is the least motion. So it is in the great basin of the Atlantic, where the Sargasso Sea forms the centre of the whirl caused by the circular motion of the equatorial current and the Gulf Stream. This sea, situated about midway in the Atlantic, in the triangular space between the Azores, Canaries, and Cape de Verd Islands, covering a space equal in extent to the valley of the Mississippi, is so thickly matted over with a peculiar weed (*Fucus natans*), that the speed of vessels passing through it is often greatly retarded. To the eye, at a short distance, it seems substantial enough to walk upon, and countless hosts of small crustacea dwell on this curious carpet of the ocean. Columbus sailed through it, on his first voyage of discovery, in spite of the terrors of his less adventurous companions, who believed that it marked the limits of navigation; and its position has not altered since that time.

The waters of the Gulf Stream do not, in any part of their course, touch the bottom of the sea. They are everywhere defended from so comparatively good a conductor of heat by a cushion of cold water, one of the best of non-conductors. Consequently, but little heat is lost, and the general warmth is carried thousands of miles to fulfil its destined purposes.

On a winter day, the temperature of the Stream, as far north as Cape Hatteras, is from twenty to thirty degrees higher than the water of the surrounding ocean. Even after flowing 3000 miles, it preserves in winter the heat of summer. With this temperature it crosses the fortieth degree of north latitude, and there overflowing its liquid banks, spreads itself out for thousands of square leagues, over the cold waters around, covering the ocean with a mantle of warmth, to mitigate the climate of our high northern latitude. Moving now more slowly, but dispensing its genial influence more freely, it at last meets the British islands. By these it is divided, one part going into the polar basin of Spitzbergen, the other entering the Bay of Biscay; but each with a warmth considerably above the ocean temperature.

Modern ingenuity has suggested a well-known method of warming buildings by means of hot water. Now, the northwestern parts of Europe are warmed in an exactly similar manner by the Gulf Stream. The torrid zone is the furnace; the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, the boilers; the Gulf Stream, the conducting pipe; from the banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the great hot-air chamber, spread out so as to present a large surface. Here the heat, conveyed into this warm-air chamber of mid-ocean, is taken up by the prevailing west winds, and dispensed over our own and other countries, where it is so much required. Such, in short, is the influence of the Gulf Stream upon our climate, that Ireland is clothed in robes of evergreen grass; while in the very same latitude, on the American side of the Atlantic, is the frostbound coast of Labrador. In 1831, the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, was closed with ice so late in the season as June; yet the port of Liverpool, two degrees further north, has never been closed by frost in the severest winter. The Laplander cultivates barley in a latitude which in every other part of the world is doomed to perpetual sterility. A subsidence of the Isthmus of Panama to the extent of a couple of hundred feet—and such subsidences have taken place in geological times all over the world—would allow the equatorial current of the Atlantic to pass through into the Pacific, instead of being reflected

back to the British coasts. Britain would then become a Labrador, and cease to be the seat of a numerous and powerful people.

While the Gulf Stream is covering the eastern shores of the Atlantic with verdure, ripening the harvests of England and the vintage of France, its influence is equally beneficial, at its fountain-head, in the western world. The Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico are encompassed on one side by the chain of West India Islands, and on the other by the Cordilleras of the Andes, contracting with the Isthmus of Darien, and again expanding over the plains of Central America and Mexico. On the extreme summits of this range are the regions of eternal snow; next in descent is the *tierra templada*, or temperate region; and lower still, is what the Spaniards truly and emphatically have termed *tierra caliente*, the burning land. Descending still lower, is the level of the sea, where, were it not for this wonderful system of aqueous circulation, the peculiar features of the surrounding country assure us, we should find the hottest and most pestilential climate in the world. But as the waters become heated, they are carried off by the Gulf Stream, and replaced by cooler currents entering the Caribbean Sea. The surface-water flowing out is four degrees warmer than the surface-water entering to supply its place.

As in a hot-water apparatus for warming a building—to keep up the simile—the water cooled in the hot-air chamber flows back to the boiler; so one part of the waters of the Gulf Stream, after giving out their heat, flow towards the equatorial current, the other to the polar basin of Spitzbergen. The secrets of the Arctic regions are hidden by impenetrable ice; but we know that a return current, bearing immense icebergs, comes down from the dreary north, through Davis's Strait, and meets the Gulf Stream at the banks of Newfoundland. Scoresby counted at one time six hundred icebergs starting off on their southward journey by this current, which, pressing on the waters of the Stream, curves its channel into a "bend," in shape resembling a horseshoe, and some hundred of miles in area. This bend is the great receptacle or harbor of the icebergs, which drift down from the north, and are here melted by the warm waters of the Stream. Who dare say that, in the course of ages, the banks of Newfoundland have not been formed by the earth, stones, and gravel carried down to that spot by these very icebergs?

Such is the distinctness kept up between the warm and cold water, that, though the northern current forms a large bend or indentation in the Gulf Stream, it does not commingle with it; the former here divides into two parts—one actually underrunning the Stream, the other flowing southwesterly between it and the coast of America. It is this last branch of the cold current that affords the citizens of the United States a refreshing sea-bathing in summer, and an unlimited supply of the finest fish. In all parts of the world, the most plentiful supply and most delicious quality of fish are found in cold water. The habitat of certain kinds of fish unerringly indicates the temperature of the water; and it is highly probable that cold currents are the great pathways along which migratory fishes travel from one region to another.

Though the Gulf Stream was noticed by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in the sixteenth century, we are indebted to the celebrated Dr. Franklin for the first chart of its course. Being in London in 1770, his attention was called to a memorial which the Board of Customs at Boston had sent to the Lords of the Treasury, stating that the Falmouth packets were generally a fortnight longer on their voyage to Boston than common

trading vessels were from London to Rhode Island. They therefore begged that the Falmouth packets should be sent to Providence instead of to Boston. This appeared very strange to Franklin, as the traders were deeply laden and badly manned vessels, to say nothing of the extra distance between London and Falmouth. He accordingly consulted a Nantucket whaling captain named Folger, who happened to be in London at the time. Folger immediately explained the mystery by stating, that the Rhode Island trading-captains were acquainted with the course of the Gulf Stream, while those of the English packet service were not. The latter kept in it, and were set back from sixty to seventy miles per day, while the former merely ran across it. At the request of Franklin, the Nantucket whaler traced the course of the Stream, and the Doctor had it engraved, and sent copies to the Falmouth captains, who treated the communication with contempt. This course of the Stream, as laid down by Folger, has been retained in our charts almost to the present day. Who, we might ask, taught this unscientific Nantucket whaler so correct a course of this mighty current, then so little known? It was the whales, the gigantic prey he followed in the ocean. The right whale (*Balæna mysticetus*), as seamen term it, never enters the warm water of the Gulf Stream; it, as well as the warm waters of the torrid zone, is as a wall of fire to these creatures. But they delight to congregate, seeking for food, along the edges of the Stream; and thus Folger, through the experience of many voyages, was enabled so correctly to denote its course.

Our space warns us to conclude, ere we have scarcely passed the threshold of this interesting subject. But we must observe, that the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic has its counterpart in the Pacific. The latter flows out of the Straits of Malacca, just as the Atlantic current flows out of the Straits of Florida. The coast of China is its United States; the Philippines, its Bermudas; the Japanese islands, its Newfoundland. The climates of the Asiatic coast correspond with those of America along the Atlantic; and those of Columbia, Washington, and Vancouver, are duplicates of those of Western Europe and the British islands; the climate of California resembles that of Spain; and the sandy plains and rainless regions of Lower California, remind us of Africa. The course of this China Stream has not yet been traced out, but it sets southwardly along the coast of California and Mexico, as the Gulf Stream does along the west coast of Africa to the Cape Verd Islands. This current, too, has its Sargasso Sea; to the west, from California, of the southwardly set, lies the pool in which the drift-wood and seaweed of the North Pacific are gathered. Inshore of, but counter to, the China Stream, along the eastern shore of Asia, is found a current of cold water, resembling that between the Gulf Stream and the American coast. It, too, like its counterpart, is the nursery of most valuable fisheries. The fisheries of Japan are as valuable in the East as those of Newfoundland in the West. Thus the people of widely distant regions are indebted for their supplies of excellent fish to the cold waters which the currents of the sea carry to their shores.

By the researches of Lieutenant Maury into the mysteries of oceanic phenomena, the art of navigation has already been greatly advanced. The shortening of long and tedious passages, the lifting and bringing, as it were, the distant isles and great marts of the sea so many days nearer to each other, has not escaped the attention of a practical people in this utilitarian age. Yet there will be other, though less apparent, benefits derived from the hand of science,

drawing aside the curtain that so long has enshrouded the secrets of the deep. Seamen will take an interest in their profession beyond its mere practical technicalities. As an instance, we may conclude with the following interesting extract from a letter written by an old American shipmaster to Lieutenant Maury:

"I am free to confess that for many years I commanded a ship, and although never insensible to the beauties of nature upon the sea or land, I yet feel that, until I took up your work, I had been traversing the ocean blindfolded. I feel that, aside from any pecuniary profit to myself from your labors, you have done me good as a man. You have taught me to look above, around, and beneath me, and recognize God's hand in every element by which I am surrounded. I am grateful for his personal benefit."

Need the writer, who himself for many years traversed the great deep, say more!

DISENCHANTED.

THY sad tears unchecked, streaming,
Sick of thy selfish dreaming,
Thou turnest from old enchantments wearily.
Oh, child! hath aught but losing
Come of thine idle musing?
Hath it wrought anything but pain for thee?

Ah! how could thy desire
Rise holier and higher,
Seeking its treasure and its rest above;
While, tranced with soft regretting,
Strong purposes forgetting,
It languished o'er wild tales of earthly love?

What dark place have they brightened,
What heartsore laden lightened,
These floating fancies of thy busy brain?
What spirit hath grown stronger,
To trust and suffer longer;
Thou, waking thoughts of heaven to soothe its pain?

Oh, blessings scorned and wasted!
Oh, cup of peace untasted!
Oh, gracious guerdon, thou hast left unwon!
Still grieving thine own losses,
Counting thy little crosses,
And singing thine own woes from sun to sun!

No longer shadow-haunted,
No longer dream-enchanted,
Oh, child, have done with words and wishes vain!
For oh! hath aught but losing
Come of thine idle musing;
Hath it ever wrought thee anything but pain?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE unfortunate English Ritualists who are trying so hard to be mistaken for Catholics, and, without resigning their livings, to celebrate a parody of the Mass, have received a knockdown blow by the late judgment of Lord Penzance. All the following acts are declared illegal: 1. The use of lighted candles on a "super-altar," or on the communion table, when not required for giving light. 2. Mixing of water with the sacramental wine. 3. The use of wafer-bread. 4. A clergyman saying the consecration prayer with his back to the people. 5. Kneeling during any part of said consecration prayer. 6. Interpolating the appointed service (by *Introits, Agnus Deis*, or aught else borrowed from the Roman Missal). 7. Forming and accompanying a procession of the choir, habited in short surplices (properly cottas) worn over cassocks, with processional cross and banners. 8. Kneeling with such procession before the communion table. 9. The use of priestly vestments. 10. Administering the elements to less than three persons. 11. A rood (crucifix) on the chancel screen or "rood-loft." 12. All images and pictures within the church.

Many of these forbidden practices date from apostolic times, others are observed not only in the Catholic Church, but in the Greek, the Armenian, and many other Churches, and all have the sanction of antiquity. But no English churchman dare use them in future.

THE progress of the faith in the United States has aroused the interest of the non-Catholic press, and the *Methodist* gives the following curious particulars relative to the distribution of Catholics in various portions of the country. It says, "The strongholds of Catholicism in this country are located in our most enlightened and progressive communities. For instance, the State of Massachusetts has more Roman Catholic sittings —130,405—than the twelve Southern States of Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia, Tennessee, Texas, and Mississippi, which have 105,365 Roman Catholic sittings. Massachusetts and New York have a Catholic population of 401,700, and the sixteen Southern States, 401,110. The electoral vote of Massachusetts and New York is 48, while that of the sixteen Southern States is 136. The State of Illinois has more Catholic sittings than twelve Southern States, and only 21 electoral votes as compared with their 93. These figures show what rapid strides the Catholic religion is making in States formerly famous for their Puritanism and stanch Protestantism."

THE VERY REV. T. A. GALBERRY, O.S.A., Provincial and late President of Villanova College, Pennsylvania, has accepted the nomination to the See of Hartford, and will be consecrated by the Archbishop of Boston on the feast of St. Joseph, in the Cathedral of that city. He will be a very popular and active prelate. The Catholic Total Abstinence Society has given $500 towards furnishing his residence, and collections were taken up in all the churches of Hartford on Sunday, March 5th, for this purpose.

The diocese of Hartford comprises the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island, and was established in the year 1844. The first Catholic Church in Hartford was opened in 1830. Bishop Tyler, the first prelate, died in 1849. In 1844 there were 6 priests, and 10,000 Catholics. The diocese now comprises 76 priests and 155,000 Catholics all in the State of Connecticut, for Rhode Island, together with some counties of Massachusetts, were formed into the diocese of Providence in 1872.

THE approach of the Centennial celebration has drawn considerable attention to the Exhibition in Fairmount Park.

Hon. J. W. Forney delivered a lecture at the Academy of Music, in which he stated that Catholics in Europe had the most favorable opinion of America. In Rome itself, he says, "with its double government, Victor Emanuel, at the Quirinal, and the Pope, at the Vatican, there was nothing but a feeling of encouragement. There was no influence more active than that of the Roman Catholics in Europe, and they had steadily been in favor of the Centennial Exhibition, following the example of their brethren here."

The Pope will send to the Centennial exhibition two pictures in mosaic and some pieces of tapestry executed by the artists of the Vatican. One of the former represents the "Madonna della Seggiola," of Raphael, the original of which is in the Pitti Palace, at Florence, and the other is a copy of the "Madonna del Sassoferato." The subject of the hangings is St. Agnes on the pile.

THE Academia of the Catholic Religion of Manchester, England, was inaugurated lately by His Eminence Cardinal Manning, who delivered a magnificent address.

The object of the Academia, as laid down in the rules, is "to promote the study of the Catholic religion, to oppose the errors of the day, to preserve the young from the influence of such errors, and to supply a want experienced among Catholics, viz., that of lectures upon literary, historical, and scientific subjects in connection with the Catholic religion." The academicians are to be Catholics of liberal education, and meet every month, when a dissertation shall be read, upon which the members present shall be at liberty to express their opinions. Every meeting is to be attended by at least one of the "Censors"—a body whose qualifications are that they "shall be well versed in theological science, or at least competent to form a sound judgment as to the value and utility of the lectures given, and as to their conformity with Catholic doctrine." Courses of lectures as well as occasional dissertations will be provided from time to time by the Council, and Rule 18th lays down that

"The special object of the lectures and dissertations is to lay down solid and true principles in connection with Catholic doctrine; to demonstrate the harmony between reason and faith; to cultivate higher intellectual tastes; and to provide, as widely as possible, literary and scientific instruction in harmony with the Catholic religion for those who desire to continue or perfect their education."

Such an association either by itself, or as lectures delivered under the auspices of the Catholic Unions, would be equally desirable in the United States.

A STARTLING telegram came over the wires the other day to the effect that 100 Ritualistic clergymen of the Church of England, together with 225,000 of the people, had petitioned the Pope to receive them into the Church, and establish in England a "United Anglican Church" like that of the Armenian and Maronite Churches, acknowledging the Pope's supremacy, and accepting all the doctrines of the Church, but with a sort of semi-independence in government.

This proposition, if really made, does not seem to be feasible. In the first place the orders of the Anglican clergy are not recognized by the Holy See. In the second place there exist already Catholic Bishops and Dioceses in England, and how could there be other Bishops appointed in their dioceses. And thirdly, if the petitioners are convinced of the Divine authority of the Holy See, how is it that they desire a "semi-independence" of it? How can the Holy See make terms with separatists, and how can the Ritualistic clergy insure that any terms made with them will be accepted by their flocks?

The whole account looks doubtful and unlikely. But there is no doubt that a very large number of persons in England really crave the faith, and are on the point of becoming Catholics.

THE great contest in France for "freedom of education," commenced more than forty years ago by Count de Montalembert and his zealous supporters, and continued till last year, when the cause of justice triumphed, was long and arduous. The first fruits of the victory is the establishment of the Catholic University of Paris, which was inaugurated after service at the Church of the Carmelites. The Archbishop of Paris, His Eminence Cardinal Guibert, delivered the inaugural address, in which he said that the emancipation of University teaching was one of the great benefits of the age and the complement in France of the emancipation of the secondary schools which took place twenty-five years ago.

Henceforth the Catholics of France will be free to establish universities of their own, and they will do so with all their noted vigor.

THE civil war is over in Spain, and Don Carlos has given up the hopeless and now unjustifiable conflict, and gone to England. Nothing but changes have occurred in Spain since the deposition of Queen Isabella in 1868. First came the dictatorship of Prim, then the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern, which gave rise to the Franco-Prussian war, then the brief and troubled reign of Amadeus of Italy, the Republic, the communistic outbreak at Carthagena, and all the while the Carlist civil war, then the accession of King Alphonso, the son of Isabella. And all the while a furious and sanguinary war has been going on in Cuba.

It is sincerely to be hoped that this series of calamities is now at an end.

THE Supreme Court of Wisconsin has given a decision in the case of the heirs of Madame Le Marque and the Archbishop of St. Louis.

By the terms of that will, $8000 were bequeathed to Peter Richard Kenrick, absolutely and without condition, stipulation, or formal promise.

The court has declared this bequest void, and that the testatrix intended to evade the law, which forbids any property being bequeathed to any church. The Archbishop testified on cross-examination, that he in-

tended to use the property for ecclesiastical purposes, as he knew this was the testatrix's intentions.

THE conflict in Germany has drawn forth a pamphlet from the Catholic advocate, Herr Reichensperger, which argues that ecclesiastical laws transcend the State's right to invade the sphere of inner ecclesiastical life, and that the resistance of bishops and priests is not only commanded by Christian doctrine and good sense, but fully justified by the express determinations of Prussian law. The pamphlet is temperate in tone, but unyielding. In substance it declares that a *modus vivendi* is possible only by the reinsertion of the eliminated clauses of the Prussian constitution, or by an understanding with the Vatican, or the complete separation of Church and State.

THE English Parliament was opened by the Queen in person on February 9th, but there were no allusions to Ireland in the royal speech, which was nearly entirely devoted to foreign topics, such as the Eastern Question, the Suez Canal purchase, the troubles in China and the Malayan Peninsula, etc. It is noteworthy as indicating the determination of Great Britain to hold India as long as possible against all comers that the title "Empress of Hindoostan," or something similar, is to be added to the royal titles.

It is supposed, however, that the Irish judiciary system will be revised and improved this session.

BISHOP MACHEBEAUF, Vicar Apostolic of Colorado, and the Catholics of the Centennial State are opposed to the ratification of the Constitution if it contains an article prohibiting a division of the school fund.

THE Hon. E. F. Dunn, late Chief Justice of Arizona, whose late unjust dismissal from his office has excited so much indignation amongst Catholics, is about to deliver a series of lectures on the School Question throughout the country.

It may still further explain the ex-Chief Justice's views, that in Tucson, Arizona, there are twice as many pupils in the Catholic schools as there are in the public.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Being Selections, Personal, Historical, Philosophical, and Religious, from his Various Works. Arranged by William Samuel Lilly, of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. With the author's approval. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street, 1876. For sale by P. F. Cunningham & Son, No. 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

The compiler of this book certainly possesses the eclectic talent in a high degree. To condense thirty-four volumes, the productions of such a mind as Dr. Newman's, into a single small book, and to do this in such a manner as to display all the varying characteristics of the great author's intellect, so that each selection, while complete in itself, is at the same time but an integral part of a perfect whole, certainly demands our warm admiration.

We think it quite probable that if there be any intellectual person who may not have read Dr. Newman's works, this beautiful exposition of his "Characteristics" as a writer and thinker in almost every branch of scholastic lore would so captivate its reader, that he would not be satisfied until he had digested each volume in full, for Mr. Lilly's book may be compared to a focus, in which the scattered rays of the great oratorian's intellect have been gathered up and brought to bear upon the comprehension of even the most ordinary minds. Such a work cannot fail to win new love for the man who has already enjoyed a lifetime of genuine popularity, new admiration for his stupendous talents, and new gratitude to the Giver of every best and perfect gift, who has made those talents the seeds as it were of an unparalleled harvest of graces and blessings to both the Church and the world, while for its compiler it has well-nigh won the proud title of the apostle of Newmanism.

THE STUDENT'S HANDBOOK OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE, containing Sketches, Biographical and Critical, of the most distinguished English authors from the earliest times to the present day, with selections from their writings, and questions adapted to the use of schools. By the Rev. Oliver L. Jenkins, A.M., Priest of St. Sulpice, late President of St. Charles's College and of St. Mary's College, Baltimore. Edited by a member of the same Society. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. New York: Catholic Publication Society. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 1876.

We cannot altogether concur in the strictures which one of our Catholic contemporaries has deemed proper to make upon this book on the score of the "non-sectarianism" of the work. Neither do we feel like criticizing too closely its features as a text-book, since it being a posthumous work, its author cannot defend it. We will simply say, therefore, that we are somewhat disappointed in it as a work for schools. We consider it too closely condensed and not sufficiently replete with examples of style to give it rank with many popular class-books of its kind. With its purely literary features, however, we are quite pleased; there is an old-time solidity of taste about their selection which is quite consoling in this age of flippant literature.

UNION WITH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN HIS PRINCIPAL MYSTERIES, FOR ALL SEASONS OF THE YEAR. By the Rev. Fr. John Baptist Saint Jure, of the Society of Jesus. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co. 1876.

This is a translation, revised by a Jesuit Father, of one of the most beautiful, but, unfortunately, least known, of the works of this celebrated writer of the seventeenth century. It is, as the translator has aptly said, a book peculiar in its character, being rather suggestive of matter for reflection and meditation, than intended for mere spiritual reading. Union with our Divine Lord by meditations peculiarly appropriate to the respective liturgical seasons of the ecclesiastical year, is one of the best means of putting the soul into accord with the spirit of the Church's feast, and to appreciate the spirit of her festivals is one of the surest marks of a practical love for the Church's Lord, and of rapid advancement towards the union with the soul's Divine Spouse. The work bears the *Imprimatur* of His Eminence.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL QUESTION AS UNDERSTOOD BY A CATHOLIC AMERICAN CITIZEN. A lecture delivered by Right Rev. B. J. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester, before the Free Religious Association (Free-Thinking) of Boston. Fully revised by the author. For sale by P. F. Cunningham & Son, No. 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This pamphlet is a thoroughly practical and business-like exposition of the great subject of contention from the Church's side of viewing it. The eloquent bishop of Rochester is one of the most energetic of all our prelates, in dealing sledge-hammer blows on the baseless fabric of the blessedness of the public school system as it exists in the Protestant vision. If he keeps on in his present course, wherein we bid him God-speed, he will soon "leave not a wreck behind."

This lecture, delivered before the Free-Thinking Society of Boston, is a worthy companion to the argument of Chief Justice Dunn.

THE ACOLYTE: A Tale. Messenger Series, No. 6. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street, 1876.

We have received the above from the publishers, who have printed it from the serial pages of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. Coming from so good a source, it ought not to fail of its mission, which is to bring home the stirring lessons of religion to the hearts of our Catholic youth, at an age when the world is contesting most strongly with God for the possession of their souls.

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